

LOT S HESS
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IMPROVEMENT ERA



APRIL, 1924

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No. 6

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
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On The Heights

"Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his brethren,
Death cannot conquer the hero again."

Hail to the Prophet
Who pointed the Way,
Who brought back the Light
And drove darkness away!
All Earth and all Heaven
Shall ring with his fame,
Exalting forever
His glorious name.

Hail to the Martyr
Who died for the Cause!
(Let reverence listen,
Let worldliness pause!)—
Died but to live again,
Fell but to rise
From lowest of worlds
Unto loftiest Skies.

Hail to the sainted,
The glorified Seer,
To whom past and future
As present appear!—
What lieth beyond
And what lurketh below,
All that Time can unveil
Or Eternity know.

All things are theirs
Who are Christ's and God's own.
They share with the Father
And Son the White Throne.
Nor powers beneath them,
Nor angels above,
Can sever their souls
From His infinite love.

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

A Vision

A glory passed my door one quiet night,
And in a halo of celestial light
I saw a hand that beckoned me to 'bide,
And walk with it unto a mountainside.

And on the mount it beckoned me to scan
The world, the seas, the works of restless man—
My eyes were touched, and lo, from pole to pole,
I saw the waves of earthlings, rise and roll:
I saw the armies clash, the heaps of slain,
The tools of death that fell like fiery rain;
I saw a child in pain—it begged for bread—
I saw a father numbered with the dead;
I saw it all—Vice, Hatred, Greed,
The show of Wisdom and the clash of Creed.
I saw the prince, the serf, both sad and gay;
I saw a world that had no time to pray.
In anguish sore I turned unto a Face
That mirrored deep the burden of a race.
I felt a sweet content—it was my Guide
Who stood in holy vision by my side.
I fell before Him on the hallowed sand,
And reached to grasp his strong, appealing hand—
“Oh, Lord,” I pleaded, “take me home with Thee.”
“Alas, my son, thou, too, art far from Me.”

And in a moment more I walked alone,
Pondering the scenes I had been shown.

FRANK C. STEELE.

Easter Dawn

In dawn's dark hour, on that first Easter Day,
Mary, called Magdalene, came to the Sepulcher,
And found the heavy stone was rolled away.
Then fear and anguish filled the heart of her
Whom Jesus loved, for Jesus was not there.
Breathless she came to Peter and to John,
Half blinded by her tears and wind-blown hair,
And told them, as she sobbed, that He was gone!

They to the tomb ran swiftly through the dawn.
Peter was old, and John was first to come,
But Peter found him waiting, pale and drawn;
He went not in—he only stood there, dumb.
Fearlessly, Peter stepped within the Grave
Where they had laid the Son of the Most High.
'Twas true! The sepulcher was empty, save
The linen shroud, and face-cloth folded nigh.

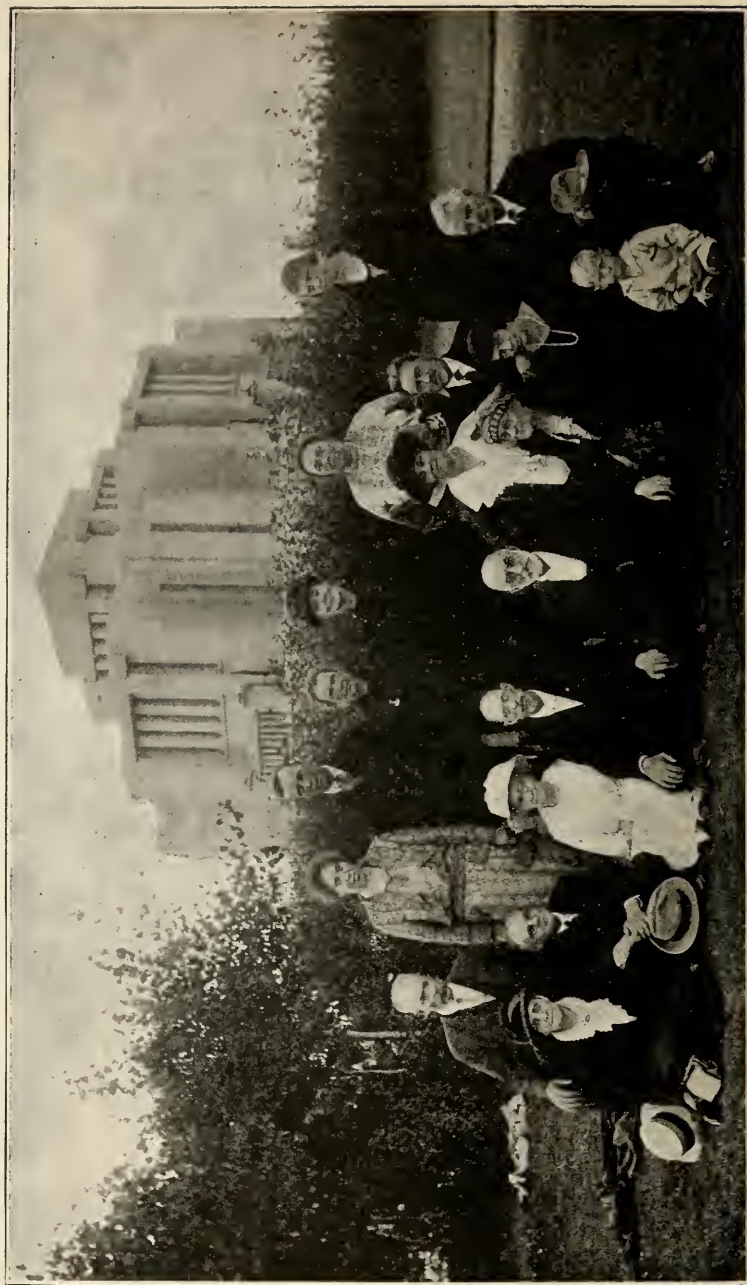
Sadly they walked away, nor saw the light
That brightened into that first Easter Morn;
For they believed that soldiers, in the night,
To some strange sepulcher their Lord had borne.
But she returned,—the woman Christ forgave—
Still weeping 'neath her veil of lovely hair,—
Weeping and asking of that empty grave,
"Where have they laid Him, oh, my Savior, where?"

The Sabbath dawn was spreading. Rays of light
Softly suffused the dark sepulchral gloom.
When Mary looked, two angels, robed in white
And smiling, sat upon the Savior's Tomb.
'Woman, why weepest thou?' to her they said.
"Where have they laid Him?" More she could not say,
But rose to flee, and as she turned her head,
One came to meet her, in the garden way.

"The keeper of the garden," Mary thought,
And unto him with pleading sad she spoke:
"Where have they laid my Lord? I found Him not!"
He answered, "Mary!" Then her heart near broke
With gladness. "Rabboni!" And then she bent
To worship Him, and kiss His nail-pierced feet,
But He withdrew a pace, and her intent
He blessed but told her that it was not meet,

For He must first ascend to God. That day
Dawned on the world two thousands years ago,
And still the glorious gleam of that first ray
Of Easter Dawn o'er all the earth doth glow.
It shines in splendor over Sorrow's cloud,
And points with promise to the Lord's great day,
When loved ones shall arise from tomb and shroud,
And come to meet us in the garden way.

ETHEL J. BENNETT.



A distinguished company of former students of Brigham Young University, taken in a beautiful environment at the dedication of the Alberta Temple.

Photo by George Ed. Anderson, Springville.

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"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE NIGHT"

"There shall be no more night,"
When He shall reappear;
His arm shall put a host to flight,
Yet Israel shall not fear,
For saints shall stand in loyal might
With seers and prophets dear.

"There shall be no more night,"
When He shall come to reign;
Hearts then will find a new delight
Untinged with mortal pain,
While sin shall flee before His sight,
And grace shall move the stain.

"There shall be no more night,"
For He shall roll away
The stone of death as morning light
Revives the sleeping clay—
And souls in priestly robes of white
Arise to endless Day.

CHARLES F. STEELE.

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MOTHER TIME

They tell me Father Time is old,
 and wrinkled, bent, and gray;
He carries o'er his arm a scythe
 to cut all from his way;
That he is stern, is cold, is harsh,
 and justice strictly wiends;
That all he leaves behind him
 are bare wastes and empty fields.
This may be true, I do not know,
 so, for it cannot vouch;
But his good wife, old Mother Time,
 will rise from off her couch
To do a kindly deed to all
 who seek relief from pain,
And in her sympathetic way
 repeats the deed again.

There is no heart-wound cut so deep
 she cannot give it ease,
And with her balm and bandages
 will cause its pain to cease.
She may not cure it, through and through,
 and leave behind no scar;
But she will strive and labor long
 that there shall be no mar
Or pain behind, still lingering,
 that cannot be assuaged.
And so each wound, each grief, each trial
 is lessened as 'tis aged.
O Mother Time, I love you
 for your sympathy and care;
But remove not from my heart, I pray,
 all that lingers there!

GAZELAM.

“TAKE HEED THAT NO MAN DECEIVE YOU”

BY JOSEPH A. McRAE

The magazines, the newspapers and the people, are singing the praises of the erstwhile smiling little Frenchman—Emile Coue. Reports of the marvelous cures he has obtained through his methods of auto-suggestion fills page after page of the periodicals. There is small wonder that such should be the case, and, indeed, it were a wonder if he did not attract attention of those who are physically unfit; and in this day of nerve-racking feats, demanded by our mode of living and business activities, few are physically fit.

The reason for mention of this subject, just at this time, is the danger of running away after “Coueism” and forgetting a higher source from which has come to us remarkable healings which have reached the position of miracles. The doctrine taught by the doughty little Frenchman is as old as the human race.

“For behold this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.” (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 1:39.)

Thus we are taught that after Moses had been visited of God and had been shown His creations, he was told that the glory of God was to bring about the “eternal life of man,” not only healing of physical ills but the regeneration of the entire being to complete “eternal life.” And again: “That by reason of transgression cometh the fall, which fall bringeth death, and inasmuch as ye were born into the world by water, blood, and the spirit, which I have made, and so became of dust a living soul, even so ye must be born again into the Kingdom of heaven, of water and of the Spirit, and be cleansed by blood, even the blood of mine Only Begotten; that ye might be sanctified from all sin, and enjoy the words of eternal life in this world, and eternal life in the world to come, even *immortal glory*.” (Moses 6:59.) Therefore while Coue promises cures of curable diseases, God promises “immortal glory.”

Latter-day Saints have a “more sure word of promise” than can be vouchsafed by any method of psychology or psychic influence from any source whatever.

“Take heed, lest any man deceive you, for many shall come in my name and shall deceive many.” (Luke 13:5, 6.)

Let us turn to the pages of history and review just a few of the times when this principle, which has come to us so modernly and so emphatically, was positively exemplified through the power of God.

That Elisha, the prophet, 897 B. C., worked under the in-

fluence of God, will not be denied. There came to him a man stricken with leprosy. He was told by the prophet to bathe seven times in the waters of the Jordan. After some persuasion he did so, and came out clean. (See II Kings 5 for a full account.) We are now told to repeat twenty times certain words, and we shall be healed. The prophet tells the king he shall yet live fifteen years. (II Kings 20:6.)

The Old Testament abounds with references that "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Let us now turn to the New Testament. In all the works of the Master, he seems to have required a faith on their part in order to accomplish the healings of the people. In some instances he sensed it, in others he demanded it. Not that he could not have done the things he did without their help, but he didn't.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:33.)

"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." (Matt. 21:22.)

We are told in our modern psychology, or psychotherapy, or whatever name we shall call it, that we must center our minds upon the things we desire. "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. *But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.*" (Jas. 1:5.) Giving ourselves over to the influence of God, with faith in his promises brings to us the rewards we seek.

"And behold there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in nowise lift herself, and when Jesus saw her, he called her to him, and said unto her, woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands on her; and immediately she was made straight and glorified God." (Luke 13: 11-13.)

"Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them." (Luke 4:40.)

He healed their sick, he restored their blind to sight, he unstopped the ears of their deaf, he made their lame walk, he called their dead from out the grave, then said: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works shall he do." (John 14:12.) "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." (16:23.) There seemed to be no incantations, no secret words—only a belief on the name Jesus and an asking in faith. Once, when the disciples came to Jesus, after he had cast out the evil spirits, they asked, "Why could not we cast him out?" and he said, "Because of your unbelief." (Matt. 17:19, 20.)

Space would not permit a full and complete reference to passages relating such scenes from the Bible, but I desire to show that such things are not new.

From the Jewish scriptures, let us turn to the modern scriptures. The joining of the two reveals the fact that we have within us the power to do many wonderful things, if we but have faith to do them, and if we but give our heart to God, as we are asked to give ourselves over to the influence of mental suggestion.

Zeezrum, a lawyer, accused Alma and Amulek, and was afterwards taken sick and sent for them. Alma took him by the hand and asked, "Believest thou in the power of Christ unto salvation?" When he acknowledged his belief he was healed. (Alma Chaps. 11-15 for a full account.)

"And it came to pass that when he had thus spoken, all the multitude, with one accord, did go forth with their sick and their afflicted, and their lame, and with their blind, and with their dumb, and with all them that were afflicted in any manner; and he did heal them every one as they were brought forth unto him." (III Nephi 17:9.)

"And there were great and marvelous works wrought by the disciples of Jesus, insomuch that they did heal the sick, and raised the dead, and cause the lame to walk and the blind to receive their sight, and the deaf to hear; and all manner of miracles did they work among the children of men; and in nothing did they work miracles save it were in the *name of Jesus Christ*." (IV Nephi 5.)

The Doctrine and Covenants is not a history of a people, but how mightily the promises made in that book of scripture have been fulfilled can be attested by thousands of men and women living today. The following passages are taken at random:

"Require not miracles, unless I shall command you, except casting out devils, healing the sick, and against poisonous serpents, and against deadly poisons; and these things ye shall not do except it be required of you by them who desire it." (Sec. 24:13, 14.)

"Lay your hands upon the sick and they shall recover." (66:9.)

"Pray always, and I will pour out my Spirit upon you, and great shall be your blessings—yea, even more than if you should obtain treasures of earth and corruptibleness to the extent thereof." (19:38.)

"In my name they shall heal the sick; in my name they shall open the eyes of the blind, and unstop the ears of the deaf; and the tongue of the dumb shall speak." (84:68-70.)

"And to every man is given a gift by the Spirit of God." (46:11.)

"By the power of the Spirit our eyes were opened and our understandings were enlightened, so as to see and understand the things of God." (76:12.)

"For whoso is faithful unto the obtaining of these two priesthoods of which I have spoken, and the magnifying their calling, are sanctified by the Spirit unto the renewing of their bodies." (84:33.)

"For the word of the Lord is truth, and whatsoever is truth is light, and whatsoever is light is Spirit, even the Spirit of Jesus Christ. And the Spirit giveth light to every man that cometh into the world; and the Spirit enlighteneth every man through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit." (84:45, 46.)

"And truth is knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come * * * He that keepeth his commandments receiveth truth and light, until he is glorified in truth and knoweth all things." (93:24, 28.)

"For thus saith the Lord—I, the Lord, am merciful and gracious unto those who fear me, and delight to honor those who serve me in righteousness and truth unto the end.

"Great shall be their reward and eternal shall be their glory.

"And to them will I reveal all mysteries, yea, all the hidden mysteries of my kingdom from days of old, and for ages to come, will I make known unto them the good pleasure of my will concerning all things pertaining to my kingdom.

"Yea, even the wonders of eternity shall they know, and things to come will I show them, even the things of many generations.

"And their wisdom shall be great, and their understanding reach to heaven; and before them the wisdom of the wise shall perish, and the understanding of the prudent shall come to naught.

"For by my Spirit will I enlighten them, and by my power will I make known unto them the secrets of my will—yea, even those things which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor yet entered into the heart of man." (76:5-10.)

We have the testimony of Moses and the Prophets; we have the testimony of the works of the Master; we have the testimony of living beings who have witnessed wonders performed; we have the written oracles of God as mute testimony of the blessings he has in store for us, and yet some will allow this "more sure word of prophecy" to pass unheeded while they run off after other gods.

The danger is not that Dr. Coue has obtained such wonderful results as are attributed to him, but to the fact that even though it be true, that that man has an inherent power within him to perform these feats, God, the source of all power, should not be entirely ignored in the final reckonings.

If we recognize in man an embryonic god, with a reason of a gigantic plan, only part of which can be comprehended by man, and who, in his wanderings about the shores of life's ocean, "gathers a few pebbles" of knowledge, then we can know that back of our being, our doing, our searching, our knowing, there lies the "great ocean of knowledge untouched."

Why shouldn't man come to a partial realization of his powers, and in conjunction with God become a creator? Jesus healed the sick, made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and raised the dead, then to his disciples said; "Greater things than these shall ye do." The greater things we have yet to discover. So let us go back to the beginning and with the Master say: "Take heed that no man deceive you."

In listening too closely and heeding too carefully the precepts of men, let us beware lest we fail to give God the credit to which he is entitled.

The half has not been told, the heights we may attain are not

even dreamed of, neither will be until we shall have so ordered our lives that we shall have come to that fuller knowledge of the things which have been prepared for us.

How prone men are to follow after the shadow and leave the substance—follow the candle light, and turn their backs on the Son of Righteousness. The mariner sets his compass and steers his ship by the light of the stars, yet how welcome the bright rays of the rising sun!

This gospel was so simple that a child, in the beginning, by the light of inspiration, could understand its far meaning, and yet so complex that the greatest scientists halt before the majesty of its unveiling.

"Amid the crash of stars, the reign of law, the vicissitudes of human history, and the griefs that drive their plowshares into human hearts,—to gather up all existence into spiritual unity and to believe in God is the sublimest venture of the human soul."



"I caught this full grown Yellow Warbler in our garage; and after about an hour of petting and coaxing, I got it to pose for this picture. The bird flew away from my hand after I got this picture. I held the bird in one hand and my kodak in the other. Did some one say that "birds are wild"? Taken by *H. L. Hammond*, Eagle scout, Troop 15, Providence, Utah.

RECLAMATION*

BY DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN

CIVIL AND CONSULTING ENGINEER, AND FIRST ASSISTANT SUPT.
Y. M. M. I. A., SALT LAKE CITY

I

It was in July, 1847, that the "Mormon" Pioneers in the Great Salt Lake Valley, with plow and spade, turned the mountain streams from their natural channels upon the desert lands of the West with results almost as striking as the smiting of the rock by Moses and the springing forth of water. This was the beginning of Irrigation by the Anglo-Saxon race.

From these dry, parched deserts, there sprang forth, as if by magic, wheat and corn, fruit and vegetables, and every other agricultural product necessary for the proper nourishment of those Pioneers, and the resulting development of the great Western empire. But grain and hay and corn and vegetables are not the most valuable and important products here produced. The richest crop is the crop of young Americans. The purity of the gold found in their make-up was determined during the recent great world conflict, when they volunteered in such great numbers, and in defense of our country, promptly placed upon the altar every ounce of physical, mental, and financial power which they possessed.

Following the small beginning of irrigation in Salt Lake Valley in 1847, was the concerted movement of a large group of Western statesmen with unusual vision, which resulted in the organization of the International Irrigation Congress, and finally the creation of the United States Reclamation Service. All praise to these sturdy far-seeing, inspired American patriots! Go to the great Roosevelt Dam in Arizona. It is but one of the many great United States Reclamation projects. In its presence I am sure you will stand with uncovered head out of respect for that American of Americans, Theodore Roosevelt, who knew the West, who loved the West, and who lent a listening ear to the message from the International Irrigation Congress. The result was that this great President, who struggled, every hour of his life, for the advancement and good of every portion of his country, turned the great engines of his enthusiasm upon the subject of reclamation, and there came forth, as if by divine power or magic, a great number of modern cities in the West, each surrounded with a large irrigated area which supports a happy and prosperous rural population. The rock had been struck, and the modern civilization of the West at once sprang forth.

*An address before the Seventeenth Annual Session of the International Farm Congress at Kansas City, Friday, October 12, 1923.

These new and prosperous Western empires thus created do not stand alone. Their development has created an almost boundless demand for the manufactured products of the East. Into practically every Eastern enterprise the reclamation of the West has pumped great quantities of life-blood in the form of new business. Can you imagine, for example, how important an element this vast reclaimed area has been in the development of the automobile industry? Had the demand for cheap transportation in this Western land of great distances been less, Henry Ford today would probably not be the richest man in the world.

But we are not, at this moment, so much concerned with the Reclamation accomplishments of the past as we are with what is to be done along the lines of Reclamation in the immediate future.

The most highly cherished aim of every country ought to be to produce for itself the strongest and best possible citizens—best and strongest physically, morally and intellectually. Citizens of the highest quality physically must necessarily be brought up on the best food. Until every child in our country who desires it can have a grape fruit for breakfast, for example, agriculture has not been sufficiently developed. While there is anywhere in our land one child, who cannot have for his own use one quart of splendid, rich milk daily, our farming operations ought to be extended.

If our greatest men and our best citizens as a rule grow up on the farm, is this not reason enough for making our farming operations sufficiently extensive that we shall, at the very least, be exporters instead of importers of farm products? It is certainly a wise economic policy for a country, as far as possible, to endeavor to bring up its citizens in those lines of endeavor which produce the strongest and best citizens. A few years ago Roger W. Babson made an exhaustive study of "America's Captains of Industry." He tabulated their ancestry and found that only five per cent of these captains of industry are the sons of bankers; only ten per cent the sons of manufacturers; fifteen per cent the sons of merchants; while nearly one-third or over thirty per cent are the sons of poor preachers and farmers. Since agriculture is the best foundation upon which any great empire can be built, our statesmen and other leading citizens ought to unite in giving to agriculture and reclamation every reasonable support.

The argument is made by some that additional reclamation at this time will be disastrous for it will still further depress the prices of farm products, and that since additional irrigation must increase the agricultural output, the result will be to reduce the value of crops raised in the East. In localities where irrigation is practiced, highly specialized crops are grown. Many of these are not produced in other sections of the country, and others do not come in competition with the agricultural products of the East and South, since most of them are being, and will continue to be, consumed by the rapidly increasing population of the West itself.

The matter of encouraging further agricultural development is of such national economic importance that our statesmen, our captains of industry, can afford to take whatever time is necessary to make a careful survey of the whole situation with the purpose in view of devising some sort of government control, co-operation, or help for farmers in managing the business of their farms, that will increase the price of farm products to the consumer and reduce the profits of the middle man to such a point that the revenue to the man who toils will make it possible for him to pay a reasonable price for the land he cultivates, and at the same time, in addition, provide for himself and for his family the modern conveniences which civilization demands, and in addition, some of life's real luxuries.

It is further argued that projects already begun should be completed, in fact that they must be settled up in the most efficient manner if the products of the soil are to pay the interest on the bonded indebtedness and provide in addition a living for the people who are laboring on the land, that while such service is needed, there is a serious question whether it is wise to start with too many new reclamation projects.

The old argument with respect to potatoes applies here. When prices are low and crops abundant is the time to plant potatoes; for under such conditions most people will not plant, and therefore such a period is usually followed by one of low production and high prices. So in general, a period of over-production in agricultural products is followed by a period of under-production because it is then that the agriculturalists go into other industries and leave the farm. For this reason wise men at this very time ought to begin to think seriously about reclamation.

II

While many farmers are leaving their farms, and the prices of agricultural products are low, this is not the primary reason why farms are being deserted. It is his unwise speculation that is the undoing of the farmer.

It is asserted by some that to start new projects before the old ones have their serious problems properly solved, would certainly be a mistake. One leading authority on reclamation says: "We have enough problems to solve that are involved in reclamation districts already started to keep us busy for a long time without opening up great areas of new land that are more costly to reclaim." Aside from the question of national economic independence, many patriots deplore the migration from agricultural to industrial life on the theory that the nation's back-bone is composed of the agricultural home-owning population. Nevertheless the migration continues, and no reclamation program yet proposed is sufficient to increase our cultivated area and our farm population as rapidly, from year to year, as these are relatively decreased. Look at the census figures. In 1880 the per

cent of our population in agricultural occupations was 43.8; in 1890, 38.5; in 1900, 34.9; in 1910, 33.2; and in 1920, 26.3 per cent. Thus in forty years the per cent of our population living on farms decreased from approximately 43 to approximately 26, or a decrease roughly of 40 per cent.

While there is over-production in some crops, is it not purely temporary and local? The present over-production is certainly not a sufficient reason for ceasing to extend our agricultural activities. The unfavorable rate of exchange has made it difficult, if not impossible, for us to export our agricultural products. While Germany has to pay ten million marks for one United States dollar, the people of that country cannot afford to come to the United States to buy wheat. In some degree this same condition prevails in other countries, which previously have consumed our agricultural products and as a result we have a surplus of some products. When once there is an adjustment in exchange, and the industries of the world have been put on a sound working basis, conditions will naturally be improved.

Another argument used is that the funds of the federal government raised by taxing and assessing the whole people ought not to be used for Reclamation in the West, thus benefiting but a few. Since the Government owns and controls fifty, sixty, seventy, and in some cases nearly ninety per cent of the total land area of the eleven public land States, it is unquestionably proper for the Government to assist in the development of the States wherein these great federal-owned areas are being withheld from both State and local control and taxation.

What are some of the facts with respect to the growth of agriculture in the United States? Since 1880 the population has practically doubled, while the area of improved land in farms in the same length of time has not nearly doubled. On the other hand, in all these years the cultivated area per capita has steadily decreased. The census gives the following results. In 1880 the improved land in farms per capita was 5.7 acres; in '90, 5.7; in '00, 5.5; in '10, 5.2; and in 1920, 4.8 acres.

Further, as to the matter of over-production: While in local areas there may be instances of over-production, if all of the people throughout the country are well supplied with these agricultural products this cannot be the case, for the census figures of our country show that we are substantial importers of food products. These figures show clearly the local nature of our over-production, or else our inability to produce all the kinds of food stuffs which we consume. For recent years the figures show that the value of our imported food stuffs per capita is as follows: 1916, \$2.50; 1917, \$3.30; 1918, \$3.60; 1919, \$5.20; 1920, \$5.43; and 1921, \$2.82. In some of these years our imports have exceeded more than half a billion dollars in value.

Again we have vast stores of mineral wealth and other valuable resources in the arid portions of our country. Since agricultural products generally cannot be shipped great distances, it will be necessary to reclaim portions of this arid West in order to produce the agricultural necessities for the population needed to develop these mining, manufacturing and other resources.

If, as results seem to show, the great and wise and good and able leaders of our country in the professions, in the business world, in education, and in statesmanship, come somewhat largely from the farm, certainly the wise men, the best brains of our nation can hardly devote themselves to a more important work than that of assisting in directing the business operations of our farmers so as to keep a comparatively large percentage of the people with their feet securely planted on the soil. Let the community-builders of the country follow the example set by the Land Settlement Board of the State of California, where experts in architecture, engineering, agriculture and business are in close association with the farmers on the very successful settlement projects of that State.

As already explained, many farmers are struggling under loads they cannot bear because they have been unwise speculators. If in the future the prices on farm products can be properly regulated, and if bankers and other leading business men of the country can co-operate with the farmer of the future in his business, soon normal conditions will return and the farmer will be successful and contented. The greater the population we have living on our agricultural areas the more certain is it that the life and prosperity of our country will continue indefinitely. Provision should be made for financing settlers with long-time money at low rates of interest. The work and business methods of farmers should be supervised by experts among them who are well trained for such supervision. Such methods will naturally increase the population, of the country districts and the cultivated farm areas, thus adding materially to assessed valuations. Certainly public money used for assisting in financing these settlers will be properly expended.

Nor is it sufficient simply to make it possible for a farmer to meet his reasonable obligations and to provide himself with a reasonable living. The life on the farm must be made an attractive life, with a reasonable income. With an ample supply of pure culinary water, with homes supplied with modern comforts and conveniences, much less effort will be required to induce people to choose the life of a farmer. It is important also to provide good roads and convenient transportation, so as to make desirable and attractive the social life of those living in the country. In many parts life on the farm has been most unattractive. It is said that women living under these conditions have not infrequently lost their reason. The "Mormon" village system in which people live together close, where school houses are convenient and churches can be easily reached, has provided a country

life in which all the comforts and luxuries of the city are provided without excessive cost.

As long as it costs more to raise wheat or beets or cotton than the amount for which these products can be sold, farmers who raise such crops cannot succeed. Men with vision are needed among the farmers who can organize them—who have that leadership necessary to secure a combination that will bring positively a price for agricultural products greater than the actual cost of production. Since in the past farmers as a rule have had but little scholastic training, very naturally their business methods have been more or less slipshod, and unsatisfactory. Their business has often been conducted like that of the old-fashioned country store where the proprietor never thought of taking stock. He ordered goods and sold them and continued on thus thoughtlessly until bankruptcy often came. Farmers must learn system. They must learn how to figure costs. They must know when they are making a profit and how much. Our country owes it to itself to provide for these producers, educational opportunities, proper training, and during the active years of their lives, efficient leadership.

The country too should be interested in the health of the people who are tilling the soil. Means should be provided that will make it possible for the poor teeth, poor vision, diseased adenoids and tonsils of children on the farm to be properly taken care of. They should have health opportunities equal to those provided for the children of the cities. The mal-nourished should be cared for and provision should be made for maternity and infant welfare.

Again the farmers should be taught the importance of economy. Wasteful methods should not be tolerated. Farm implements and machinery, for example, should be properly cared for and when not in use, protected from the weather.

The country should be sufficiently interested in the agriculturalist to see to it that a survey is made of the actual situation and early each season farmers should be given reliable advice concerning what to plant, when to plant, when to harvest, also how and where to market their products. Wise crop control would thus be provided, and it would assist greatly in overcoming present difficulties.

The country itself should be interested in giving the farmer every reasonable educational opportunity. He should be assisted in securing a reasonable price for his products, he should have an opportunity to learn thoroughly the laws of thrift and industry, and the country itself should make it possible for him to surround himself with the ordinary modern conveniences, and also with some of life's luxuries. The farmer should be assisted in the building of school houses in his neighborhood, and it should be possible for him to provide churches for his convenience and social centers for his entertainment. In these days of good roads and automobiles, the United States of America, with a comparatively large proportion of its population

made up of satisfied and successful farmers, will surely have peace, happiness and prosperity. Under such conditions the liberty secured for us by our fathers will not only be enjoyed by ourselves and our children and our children's children, but it will be continued on to coming generations indefinitely.

Are You God's Idea of a Man?

Do you wake in the morning with your soul alert?

Are you part of the day's big plan?

Do you sound your heartstrings, lest a flaw subvert?

Do you rub out yesterday of spite and hurt?—

Are you God's idea of a man?

Are you halt and lagging, on the uphill road?

Are you pushing all you can?

Are you always fighting at your own day's load?

Are you warped and shriveled in your business code?—

Are you God's idea of a man?

Do you give from the depths of your heart's big store,

Or grudgingly out of your hand?

Do you figure, at all, what the gift is for—

To bless your neighbor or to bless you more—

Are you God's idea of a man?

Are you sure and steady—does the best health speak

In your brain and brawn and tan?

Are you straight and supple, are you sick and weak?

Are you fit and functioned in your whole physique?—

Are you God's idea of a man?

Do you find the moments of the day too few

For the arc of your own heart's span?

Have you stamped your journey when the day is through

With your entity or your residue?—

Are you God's idea of a man?

Mesa, Arizona.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

KUMTUCKS

BY RICHARD INSCORE

Born of a pair of thoroughbred shepherds and inheriting all of their characteristic wisdom and sagacity at a very early age, the little yellow, squirming bundle of silken haired flesh had, during his puppyhood, been named "Kumtucks" by old Chief Ani-stah, the leathern-faced Indian. The name, in Ani-stah's language, meant much understanding, a thing which brought the puppy to his early attention.

Though the dogs belonged to a white renter on the reservation, the old Indian might often be seen silently regarding their proud poise and graceful carriage as they raced about their work, which was plentiful on the big ranch. Kumtuck's parents needed no guiding voice to direct them in the work of bringing in the cattle, which was a daily chore in the evening. Besides this sort of thing, the dogs were highly educated in the general things of life that went to make a good dog welcome on a ranch—and highly favored in the old eyes of Chief Ani-stah.

Under these conditions, Kumtucks grew into adult doghood, favored always with the affection of his masters, which he accepted much as did his parents—rather haughtily, if not a little disdainfully. He was polite, however, and had always returned their little pats of affection and words of praise with a wag of his magnificent brush. Ani-stah's praise was reserved, but no less frank, as Kumtucks, after the death of his parents, assuming the leadership and responsibilities of the lesser animals on the big farm.

"Ugh! Heap skookum Kumtucks!" was Ani-stah's commendation after an especially brilliant deed by his yellow, shaggy idol.

So Kumtucks lived on, even after the passing of Ani-stah to the Great Spirit; and as age crept upon him, general affection for him was no less, but as is decreed, an old dog, being useless, must eventually become an unwelcome nuisance, even to his most devoted masters.

Kumtucks had grown old and, due to a strenuous life and an unlimited ambition for work, had become stiffened and rheumatic until of late, he experienced much physical pain with the effort of moving around. Work he could not, nor was it required of him by his master, Jim Ledyard, in whose service he had grown old. It seemed that Kumtucks' declining years were to be spent in dreamy laziness, a condition which palled upon the old dog miserably and made him feel more and more like a useless nuisance. Jim Ledyard felt this, too, but out of sheer loyalty to his faithful old dog, would not voice his feeling for worlds.

Then came the new "chore boy," Carl. Carl was a boy of eleven or twelve years, thin faced and thin framed and limping carefully on a deformed leg, who one day entered the farm yard. He told Jim Ledyard that so far as he knew his name was "just Carl" and that he hailed from anywhere he was allowed to stop, or where he could live. His life had been spent here and there and everywhere, a slave to chore jobs and his deformity. The last place he had stayed, no longer felt the need of a chore boy and he had been turned away.

In passing along the road, he had seen this farm and had taken a chance upon calling, with the hope that he might be needed and of some use. His thin face looked up into that of Jim Ledyard with a pathetic expression that the big hearted man could not resist. Yes, he supposed he could use him—for a while at least.

This news brought a suspicious moisture to the boy's eyes, flanked by a beautiful smile of gratitude. It had not been often in his life that he had met a man whose voice shook—ever so little—when he looked down upon his lame form. He instantly loved the big, rugged farmer and Jim Ledyard admitted to himself that there was something mighty likable in the boy.

Then the farmer escorted the boy to the house for something to eat, where he was received with no less compassion by Jim Ledyard's wife. They were childless, which perhaps accounted for much of this feeling toward the lame child—he was little else.

Then came Old Kumtucks on the scene and at sight of the faltering steps, the boy felt that here he had found a companion in misery. Boy and dog halted, each regarding the other speculatively for a long time. It seemed that a mutual feeling of comradeship sprang up instantly in the breast of each. Carl took a few steps forward, holding his hand out, while Old Kumtucks waited, his tail moving slowly to and fro in a token of welcome.

"Well, old feller," greeted the boy, stroking the old head, "I guess you an' me're just alike—both of us crippled. On'y you've got lame with old age, an' I always been that way. You an' me's goin' t' be friends, ain't we?"

The old dog's eyes met those of the boy squarely, and gazed into them long and searchingly. Here, he felt, was one who would never consider him a nuisance, because he, too, was lame like him.

Looking on from the porch, Jim Ledyard suddenly turned and walked rapidly away, a queer lump rising in his throat. His wife went into the house and closed the door, where she busied herself preparing a lunch for the boy.

For many months during the following Summer, Carl lived a happy existence here with the Ledyards and their few hired men. He was welcomed by all as a means of taking much of the hated "chores" off the others' hands. He was a very efficient boy, too,

with the lighter work and Jim Ledyard always knew that he could depend upon the boy's allotted portion of the work being done well.

Kumtucks had daily grown closer to the boy and the boy had grown to love the old dog as he had never loved any other living thing. It seemed that his starved nature and pent-up affection, which should have been lavished upon a loving mother and father, or brothers and sisters, all went out to the old dog. Old Kumtucks retaliated with a like feeling for his constant companion and comrade.

No one but he who has known the great, unselfish, faithful love of a dog can appreciate what a capacity for love he has wrapped up within his hairy frame and shining forth from a pair of devoted and soulful eyes, as did the love of Old Kumtucks for his little crippled comrade.

The Summer wore on and harvest time drew near with a good promise of a bumper crop. Jim Ledyard was in high spirits. His stock was in good shape and his crop well taken care of. True, his expenses were heavy, but with the oncoming crop, it looked like the future bade fair to be rosy for this hard working man.

Then came the unexpected and almost unheralded clouds and with them rain, striking the immatured grain a death blow. For days it rained while heavy, beating winds tumbled the tall grain to the ground where the torrents hammered it into the earth. It looked like a visitation from an angry Power, to the shocked and despairing farmers of that section. Gone were their rosy-hued hopes of a successful season and gone was their money with which to pay their expenses incurred during the long Summer.

Jim Ledyard was stunned. He had entertained hopes all during the Summer of taking his wife off the farm for a much needed rest and vacation. He had also planned on some education for the little crippled boy. He had—. Oh, well—the Lord's will be done. He had had disappointments before. His wife smiled at him through her tears, bidding him not to worry—she did not mind.

Then came an offer from a man who proposed to buy outright, all of Jim Ledyard's holding on the rented land at a very fair figure. At first Jim shook his head, but after talking it over with his wife, decided to sell and move to the city where he would seek his fortune along another line. It was this news that chilled the crippled boy's heart and brought a great ache thereto.

The new owner proposed taking the livestock to his own farm for the winter and close up this place until Spring. This, of course, would turn the boy away again, as he had nothing to offer him. It was not this, however, that brought the pain to Carl's heart. Old Kumtucks was very old and would undoubtedly be shot, or left here to starve. In fact, Jim Ledyard had intimated as much to his wife, which the boy overheard.

This knowledge brought a change in the comradeship of the

boy and dog. Kumtucks sensed the ominous something which seemed to hang over his old head and which he knew was preying on his idol's mind. It worried him. Often the boy caught the old dimming eyes gazing with a puzzled expression into his own. Then he would choke back a sob and seize the dog around the neck as if to hold him fiercely from all harm.

Kumtucks would gently lick the boy's hands and his face in an endeavor to assuage his fears, whatever they might be. He was vaguely disturbed, but fortunately knew not the meaning of it all.

The time drew nearer and nearer for Jim Ledyard's and his wife's leave taking of the farm and the time grew shorter and shorter when the crippled boy would again wander his limping way forth upon the world to eke out what scant living he might. The time also seemed to fly on wings of lightning, when Old Kumtucks would be led forth over some hill, a shot ring out and the old dog would be no more. Gone would be the starved boy's only friend and companion. No, no, no; he could not stand for it! An idea struck him. He limped hurriedly to Jim Ledyard, as the latter worked over the preparations for leaving.

"Oh, Mr. Ledyard—" he hesitated.

"Yes?" answered the man straightening up and looking at the boy expectantly.

"I been thinkin'—could I—have Old Kumtucks?"

"Well—," Jim sat down on a box and rubbed his chin reflectively, looking toward the old dog who was picking his way carefully across the yard toward Carl. "Well, I dunno, Carl, he's pretty old an' stove up. I think th' best thing t' do is t' kill 'im an' git 'im out o' his misery. He wont never be any use t' ye—he can't even walk good."

"Oh, I know it, Mr. Ledyard, but neither can I walk good, an'—an' Old Kumtucks is th' on'y friend I got. I'll take good care o' 'im—honest I will. We'll git along—somehow. Can I keep 'im?"

With a sudden tightening of his throat, Jim Ledyard turned swiftly to his work, swallowing hastily:

"Yes, Boy, take 'im. I won't kill Kumtucks. He's yours."

The disappointment the Ledyards suffered with the crop failure was poignant for many reasons. They had really built strong upon keeping the boy with them, sending him to school and perhaps eventually having his twisted leg attended to. They had even planned upon adopting him. Now, however, they could not think of it any more. The boy would be bettered very little, if any, by staying with them, as poor as they were; and, of course, it would mean one more mouth for Jim Ledyard's hands to provide for, and he was not a young man any more. They steeled themselves against the thought. It hurt, though.

Without turning, Jim addressed the boy again:

"What do you intend doing when we leave, Carl?"

"Oh—, look for another place first. Winter's close, though, an' places are hard t' find in winter. Work's mostly done by th' farmers their selves, or their own boys. Old Kumtucks an' me'll git along though, wont we Kumtucks?"

The old dog gazed lovingly into the boy's eyes which had somehow become less gloomy. For the latter, the dog was glad. He stood up and stretched his stiff old joints and yawned.

"Yes, course we will," answered Carl for him.

The boy fell to his good knee, his bad one dangling at the side and drew the old dog's head to his thin breast, crooning loving words into his ear, while the latter's tail softly patted the ground. Jim Ledyard flung the hammer savagely away and walked rapidly around the house.

Next day, Jim Ledyard called to Carl from the porch: "Just got a letter from Joel Sorenson, down near Peagrande. I told 'im sometime ago about you. Says if you'll come down there he'll give you a place for the winter. Nice old fellow, too. He's—."

"Peagrande? That's such a long ways, Mr. Ledyard, I couldn't never walk—."

"Yes, its a long ways. Two hundred miles anyway. No, I reckon you couldn't walk it. Summer's over; no work on th' way, an' it'll be gittin' cold nights soon. I was a thinkin'—." He paused, folding the letter and creasing it with his fingers, while his eyes wandered off down to the barnyard where they alighted upon the little sorrel horse he and Carl had used to run errands on and gather in the milk cows at night. He was old but serviceable and gentle. He, too, was a great object of affection from the boy.

Carl turned and looked in the direction, too, and a glad light suddenly shone in his eyes. He hoped—!

"I been thinkin' I might hold out th' pony an' give ye, if ye'd like t' have 'im. You've been a mighty good boy t' us an'—an' —" He could say no more. The thin, spiritual face of the boy was suffused in the most beautiful smile he had ever seen. Not only the smile, but great, glad tears of joy and gratitude were streaming down his face and falling on the dog's back, who sat at his feet. He essayed to speak, but when he turned toward Jim Ledyard, the latter was walking rapidly around the corner of the porch from sight.

For several minutes, Carl stood looking lovingly toward the little sorrel pony, fingering the shaggy hair of the dog's neck abstractedly. He was picturing himself astride the pony, which was all his own, and setting out for the farm of Joel Sorenson near Peagrande. He also pictured himself sometime, his twisted leg cured, a big man with stock of his own around him and much wealth. He continued to smile.

Suddenly, looking down, he realized Kumtucks was there. The

smile slowly left his face to be replaced by the return of the pain around his heart which was registered in every tiny line of his thin face.

He would have to leave Kumtucks!

Leave Kumtucks? No, no, no; he could not! Neither could he take him and the pony. Kumtucks could never walk that far and would die by the roadside, of starvation and fatigue. There was no way which he might carry the dog. He simply could not take the dog and the pony, too. That was certain. Then which should he take? He loved the old dog devotedly. He also loved the horse and there was the matter of the long trip to make. As Jim Ledyard had said, winter was near and jobs were scarce at that time of year. By walking neither he nor the dog would be able to go very far. By riding the pony it would be out of the question to suppose Old Kumtucks would be able to follow, or to make the trip. There would be no way for him to ride.

Desperately he looked into the dog's face, as if he might find the answer there, but the other's eyes merely met his with that same simple trust and devotion. The boy could see there a question which he answered:

"I'll have t' leave ye, Old Boy, I'll—. No! I can't do it, neither—I can't do it!" he sobbed suddenly aloud, remembering that it meant death for the dog.

With the problem still unsolved, Carl sought his little bed in the loft of the barn, where he slept during the warm weather. He made himself sure that Kumtucks went to his own bed in the end of the manger below him and that the sorrel pony was comfortable in the stall at the dog's right.

For a long time Carl lay awake, his brain in a turmoil. Strive as he would, he could not bring himself to decide either way. It was horse versus dog, and he loved both. Both were old, but one was the means of his getting to Peagrande for the winter, while the other was well nigh helpless and whose days were numbered at the best of it. He could ride out on the long trip astride his own horse while a little bullet would—No, no, not that! He could not think of shooting Kumtucks. He could not think of that last convulsive quiver of the old dog's frame after the shot. He could not allow his only friend to be killed. Then he must give up the sorrel pony and do as best he could in this country, which was very poor at best. With this resolve in mind, he finally fell asleep.

The next afternoon, Jim Ledyard asked Carl to get on the pony and go after the cows. Calling to Kumtucks to follow, the lame boy clambered upon the pony's back and set off at a slow pace so the old dog could keep up.

The cattle proved to be grazing on a piece of "scab land," or untillable, rocky, useless land, about a mile from the house. It was

early yet, and they had plenty of time, so the boy rode slowly, calling encouragingly to Kumtucks to follow. The old fellow bravely wagged his brush and hung his red tongue out, while he carefully picked his way over the ground.

With the cows started on their way home, Carl slipped off the pony's back to stroke the dog's head and allow him to rest a bit before they commenced the return walk. He did not take any notice of where he had stepped or what danger he had dropped into. Kumtucks, however, had frozen in his tracks, fear in every feature of his face. He had closed his mouth quiveringly, the saliva dripping through his lips, while his whole frame shook with dread. He remained motionless, watching.

A monstrous rattlesnake, surprised in his leisurely crawl toward the badger hole which was his home, had angrily whirled himself into the ominous coil. Then his tail quivered and his warning rattle rang out, but the effect was even more terrifying to the dog. Carl looked and was too frightened to move. He only stared, horror written upon his face. It seemed that the beady little eyes were boring wickedly into his own with a venomous glare. He was still unable to move as the flat head slowly drew back. He realized that in another instant that terrible strike would be launched, but he was unable to flee—or even move.

Suddenly a low growl rent the air, which broke the spell over the boy and with a swish and scattering of rock and gravel, Kumtucks rushed upon the reptile, snapping and growling. He made a vicious lunge at the thin neck, but his aim was poor and he caught the snake farther down the back. With a simultaneous movement, the reptile buried his terrible fangs into the old dog's jaw.

With a quiver of fear, the wise dog realized what it meant. But he had no intention of allowing the snake to go victorious. His jaws clinched harder and the reptile beat the ground with his tail while his head flew back and forth each time sinking those deadly fangs into the old dog's face.

Suddenly Kumtucks let go and leaped back only to again leap forward. This time grasping the rattler just back of the head he held on with all his might as the tremendous struggle of the death stricken reptile jerked him about. The long tail wrapped around his body then beat at his legs, while the nauseous thing between his teeth sickened him. Still he held on.

Soon the rattler's struggles became weaker then ceased altogether, except for a slight twitching of the tail. Then Kumtucks dropped the inert thing and staggered back.

By this time, Carl had regained the pony's back after much difficulty due to the horse's fright and his own horror. As Kumtucks staggered away from his kill, the boy looked at the already swelling face and a cry of grief escaped his lips. He essayed to again

slip off the pony's back to the dog's aid, but the look in Kumtucks' eyes arrested him.

The dog was now sitting on his haunches, looking long and lovingly at the boy. His red tongue was hanging a little way out of his sagging jaws. He reeled slightly, then shook himself. With the dread realization of what deadly poison was in his system and his helplessness, the old fellow whined softly and with another long, searching look into the tearful eyes of his idol, turned and staggered off toward the edge of the clearing a few hundred yards away. Nor did he heed the boy's frantic calls.

Like the best of his kind, Old Kumtucks was going away to himself to die. He knew his moments of life were numbered. His weakened condition, the exertion and that system so full of the reptile's venom was already causing his old heart to flutter and waver. He must hurry. He essayed to walk faster, but staggered and fell to his haunches. Again the boy shrieked for him to return, in his voice, grief-stricken pleading. But Kumtucks regained his unsteady legs and strode on.

With the sheltering screen of trees about him, he sank to the ground, putting his head between his paws, while the poison sent a convulsion through his frame. Bracing himself against a tree for the next spasm, the old fellow cast one more loving look toward his little companion, who was off the pony and coming toward the clump of woods, calling his name with each breath. The dog's under jaw sagged slightly and his red tongue came through in a last beautiful dog-smile in the direction of his comrade.

Carl was destined never to reach the spot in time as the final paralyzing convulsion gripped the dog's heart which was too overwrought to withstand it. The tender dog-smile froze on his lips and with a shuddering whine, Kumtucks breathed his last, just as Carl burst into the woods.

The boy stumbled over the yellow shaggy form of his dearest friend who would no more ramble over the hills with him in a loving companionship. With a heartbroken sob, Carl drew away and merely leaned over the body of the dog, while a flood of bitter tears rained down upon the yellow coat.

Another week, which was the extreme of loneliness for Carl, saw Jim Ledyard and his wife on their way to the city, after instructing Carl how to find Joel Sorenson's farm, near Peagrande, and bidding him an affectionate farewell.

With heavy heart, Carl rode the pony to the clump of trees again for a last look at the neat little mound under which slept his friend and companion, Old Kumtucks. The bitter tears welled up in his eyes again and dropped down on the little mound while the pony stood with lowered head, seemingly in understanding and respect.

Carl drew a long breath and mounting, cast another last, lingering look toward the ground, then turned the little sorrel's head toward Peagrande and Joel Sorenson's ranch.

Nephi, Utah.

Arizona's Grand Canyon

On the rim of that world famed canyon,
In the tops of the mountains high,
We stood and gazed in rapture
On the wond'rous beauty nigh.

In the depths of the mighty canyon,
Some thousands of feet below,
Flows the muddy Colorado,
Fed by springs and melting snow.

It has worked its way through gorges,
Over boulders huge and high,
Under hanging rocks it tumbles
Far beneath the azure sky.

Cliff on cliff, majestic rising
Like the ancient castles stand
With their towers pointing upward,
Can be seen on every hand.

Of all sizes, shapes and colors
Are the hills and mountains too,
Till the lights that play upon them
Make a scene of varied hue.

From the rim, a path is winding
Down and round a steep descent,
Like a narrow ribbon stretching—
For the tourist it is meant.

Up and down the hills and hollows
Ever pointing out the way,
Till the traveler stops to rest him
At the Inn till coming day.

All the beauties of the mountains,
And the river and the glen
Here in all their untrained grandeur
Are ne'er changed by hands of men.

And the thought that held me spellbound,
As I looked upon the scene,
Was that all beneath earth's surface
Such formation might be seen.

And I thought, How kind the Giver
Who has planned such beauty rare,
And how great his love and power
And how sure his tender care.

Yet how little we repay him,
For his blessings day by day,
For his loving watchcare o'er us
As we journey on our way.

Mesa, Arizona.

IDA R. ALLDREDGE.

WHERE DEMOCRACY THRIVES

BY P. V. CARDON, EDITOR "UTAH FARMER"

One of the most wholesome and at the same time hopeful features of agricultural education in America is that it is extended to all races, on the basis of full equality. In our agricultural colleges one may find students from almost every nation in the world—here a Turk, there a Philippino, now a young farmer from the Transvaal or from the Punjab, again a Costa Rican; or it may be a youth from China, Japan, Russia or Greece. They come to America from all corners of the globe—and, mostly, they are young. Youth, it seems, is sent forth to learn the ways of farming in the new world, in the hope that youth will return to its native land and promote agricultural development.

Or go into the farming sections of the various states of this Union and visit with the county agents or the home demonstration agents long enough to get at least a general conception of the human types with which they deal in the daily round of their duties. In Louisiana, for example, you will find the Parish Agent, corresponding to the County Agent in all other states, making his rounds among the negroes, just as faithfully and in quite the same manner as he works with the whites. And what is true in Louisiana is true also in other southern states, or wherever negro farmers are to be found. Westward, you will find these county agents of our federal and state educational agencies working for better agriculture among the Mexicans of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California; and where Indian tribes come within their province, these agents through their own organizations, or in co-operation with the Indian Agencies, strive to advance Indian agriculture, also. In all other states, as well, agricultural instruction is carried to the farms of all men, whatever their nationality. The democratic ideals in which this nation was conceived continue to thrive in our fertile soils, nurtured by trained men and women whose hearts are in their work.

A better example of the rich character of this kind of service has never come to the writer's attention than that which he saw recently at Fort Duchesne during the Uintah Basin Industrial Convention. Approximately four thousand Whites and nearly seven hundred Indians had gathered at the old fort, with the lofty purpose of trying to learn more about the farm problems of their wonderful Basin and to determine upon what plan all communities could co-operate for the advancement of "Utah's Eastern Empire." Noted speakers were present, men and women who are trained in regard to this or that phase of agriculture or in rural home life. After the first session, at which much of good was spoken, it became apparent that most of the Indians, unable to follow the speakers in English, were not getting as much as they should or would like to get from the various lectures. An arrangement was made, therefore, whereby the Indians could as-

semble by themselves and listen to lectures interpreted for them by members of their own tribe. In keeping with this arrangement, the "bucks" met as a group in the grandstand at the baseball park, while the "squaws" formed a picturesque circle upon the grass in a nearby shady nook, their papooses swinging from their shoulders or rolling at their feet.

At first, the Indians were reluctant to gather in this manner and it took a long time to persuade them that the plan was designed for their benefit. One of them advised the writer that their reluctance, unfortunately, was born of a fear that the Whites were going to try to get the Indians to do something that would still further reduce the red-man's heritage. This fear was finally allayed, however, and the Indians thereafter sat attentive, but stolid and expressionless, while the different lecturers, through interpreters, delivered their messages.

The men were instructed in modern methods of irrigation, and water conservation; in the selection and care of good dairy cattle, and in the housing and feeding of poultry. The women seated around the lecturer or demonstrator, were instructed in the care of the teeth, the essential sanitary precautions to be observed in nursing the sick, the relative nutritive value of foods and their place in the diet; they were also instructed in the art of plain sewing and dress fitting, a subject in which they seemed especially interested.

It was extremely difficult to gain an accurate estimate of the manner in which these lectures and demonstrations were received by the Indians, since so few of them could converse in English, and still fewer of them would even attempt to express an opinion. In conversation with the more intelligent and better educated Indians, however, enough was learned to suggest that red men are not far different from white men when it comes to sitting through lectures. A few of the Indians enjoyed the lectures and learned much of value to them; indeed, they were anxious to attend more meetings of this kind. Most of the Indians were amused, but not particularly interested. A few were plainly bored and hurriedly left the group at the close of the meeting. They probably would not have been present had it not appeared to be the proper thing to do.

So far as actual accomplishment is concerned, therefore, it is unlikely that all the Indians were directly benefited by the instruction given, but the same might be said of the white people who gathered in larger groups to hear lectures on the same subjects. The best that can be hoped for is that among the Indians there were some who learned, and that they will carry the knowledge thus gained back to their farms and apply it in daily practice. If they will do this, the results of their better farm-and-home practices will soon be apparent to other Indians who in turn will adopt them. Community leaders must be depended on among Indians as among all other races, and to reach these leaders effectively is the aim of all extension workers, whether in agriculture or the social sciences.

TAKE NO THOUGHT OF THE MORROW

BY J. LLOYD OLPIN, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

I reached mission headquarters about 8:00 a. m. on Friday. Little did I realize what was in store for me. After the customary interview given by the mission president, I was introduced to my companion with the accompanying remark, "You will go out in the country without purse or scrip on next Monday."

I had a fine companion. After a brief conversation with him I discovered that our homes were only six miles apart. We had many things in common. He had been in the mission field six months and was able to give me a good training and bear the burden of the work until I became more efficient.

We were going to work in a beautiful country. Western Oregon, with its beautiful rivers winding through everlasting forests of pines, firs, oaks, and almost every kind of tree one can think of, and its beautiful farms and cities, is one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

Taking everything into consideration we were to have a wonderful trip, as we thought, with the exception of one thing, "Without purse or scrip," said Elder Singleton. "Never in all my life have I been in a place where I had to ask for entertainment." I had the same feelings but we decided as all missionaries do that we must obey those in authority. The rest of the day was spent preparing for our trip.

In accordance with instructions, instead of dressing in the regular missionary clothes, we dressed in hiking clothes and were well fitted for roughing it. We packed our country grips with just as few articles of clothing as were necessary and filled the rest of the space with tracts, Books of Mormon, and other books to distribute and sell by the way.

When the dreaded, yet anxiously awaited, Monday morning came, we took twenty-five cents apiece of which we spent twenty-one cents each for a ticket from Portland to Oswego, on the interurban. As the car came to a stop at Oswego, my companion remarked, "This is the place." We picked up our twenty-five pound grips and in a very few minutes real missionary work of the most ancient type began.

The first man I tracted was digging along his fence with a pickaxe. As soon as he found out who I was he said, "If you don't get off this place, I'll throw this pick at you."

After getting off the place I began thinking that if the people were all going to receive us like that, when we merely wanted to give them a tract, what would it be when we asked for entertainment. I soon had my first opportunity, however, to ask for a meal. It seemed like a long day and it was before we got supper. We did

not attempt to get dinner but were very interested in getting into gospel conversations where possible. But all too soon the time came when we must find out where we were to put up for the night.

My companion took his first turn, and after being turned down, said to me, "You try the next house."

It was a large farm house and from the outside appearance was occupied by a wealthy farmer. As we approached the house the man came up the walk leading a cow to water. I walked up to him. I had my speech all made up: "We are missionaries representing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We are preaching the gospel depending on the people for entertainment. We would appreciate a meal very much, and in turn would like to explain our doctrine."

The answer came promptly, "Well, boys, I've worked ever since I was nine years old, and haven't had to beg a meal yet; I can do nothing for you."

I was stunned. My companion spoke up and said, "Thank you, mister."

"You don't owe me anything," he said as he turned and walked down the path.

Fifteen times that evening we were turned away, sometimes with an apology for not being prepared to entertain, but more generally with an antagonistic attitude toward us because we were "Mormons." At 8:00 p. m. we were trudging along the road having walked fifteen miles and tracted forty-five homes. I said to my companion, "Shall we try at this house for entertainment?"

It was a nice looking little cottage and seemed to suggest that we would be successful in getting entertainment for the night, but my companion said, "No, let's go down to this little railroad station where we can get under shelter and sit up all night. This kind of missionary work might have been all right nineteen hundred years ago or even ninety years ago, but it won't work today."

I did not say anything but concentrated my mind on a prayer for our well being. He told me afterward that the Spirit of the Lord descended upon him at the same time. He began to pray silently for guidance.

"We will go in here and ask for some supper," he said. "The Lord has promised that he will take care of us, and I feel sure that these people will provide for us."

He knocked on the door and a lady, about fifty years of age, answered. Elder Singleton told her who we were and asked for some supper. I could tell from her appearance and her attitude that she would provide for us if she could, but my hopes temporarily vanished as she started to apologize for not having enough in the house to give us a meal. She had hardly finished her sentence, however, when a voice from within said, "Ah, give them a bite to eat, Mother."

Words cannot express how thankful we were as we were escorted into the best room in the house. Upon entering, we discovered that

the words which were responsible for our being inside had come from the husband of the lady who answered the door. He was sick in bed and had been so for several days. The evening meal had not been served. The oldest daughter worked in town and did not get home until late. They were waiting for her.

Immediately the little girl was sent to the country store a quarter of a mile down the road to get some things for supper. The son, about our own age, after making up the fire in the range for his mother, and getting some wood and water, came and entertained us by showing his kodak albums full of snap shots taken while in the service of "Uncle Sam." By the time the daughter who worked in town arrived, the meal was ready, and we did not have to be called twice to it. It was the best meal I had ever eaten away from home in my life, and I did not hesitate to make it known. It just seemed like a home coming. To make our joy full, the father got up from his sick bed and came out to the kitchen where we were eating and said, "I can't miss this; I must join you." A place was provided for him and he enjoyed a full meal along with us; something he had not enjoyed for several days.

By the time the meal was over, interest in our message had become so pronounced that no attempt was made to clear away dishes. Neither did it enter our minds again that we had just been invited in to supper. Elder Singleton being well versed in the gospel, gave some very efficient explanations of the fundamental principles of the gospel. It made my whole being thrill with joy to note that every member was extremely interested in what was being said. They were not only interested but were believing it. After two and a half hours of gospel conversation, we were suddenly aroused again to a realization that we must find a place to sleep. We asked for our hats.

"You're not going to leave here tonight," said the lady. "We'll fix a place for you to sleep."

I know that we had the best bed in the house. They were crowded for room without us, and I could not figure out where they all slept but they were all there to ask us questions the next morning and they kept us busy answering until almost noon. When we left we wanted to leave a Book of Mormon and some other books as pay for the entertainment we had received, but no, they made us accept full pay for the books.

"Well, Elder Singleton, if it was all right nineteen hundred years ago it's all right today, isn't it?" I said as we started down the road on our second day of missionary work in the country.

"Yes, sir! If Peter and Paul could do it, we can do it, but I don't believe Peter and Paul could do it without the help of the Lord any more than we can; I do know now that the Lord will help us if we let him and put our trust in him. This method of doing missionary work is the best there is for finding true believers. I know we have done some good there."

During the next three months Elder Singleton's words were fulfilled to the letter. Upon being called back to headquarters I rejoiced very much to find that the family with whom we spent our first night in the country were intensely interested. The seeds we had sown there were upon fertile ground, and one member of the family had already applied for baptism.

Provo, Utah

Thought Waves

My thought is an ariel reaching far
In search of the cosmic zone,
And even as far as the topmost star,
My wandering thought is known,
For thought waves speak in the realms of space,
And my thoughts identify,
For sullied record may I outrace,
For my every thought is I.

My thought is a magnet that draws to me
Whatever I send abroad,
The day's content or its loyalty
Or my infinite faith in God,
For thought waves live and they radiate
The innermost depths of me,
And they bring me back my love or hate
As sure as Eternity.

Mesa, Arizona

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

Smile

Smile, and the world will befriend you,
Frown, and you walk alone;
Smile, your bed is made of roses,
Frown, and you sleep on a stone.
Smile, and bright jewels bedeck you,
Frown, and their glitter is gone;
Smile, and the world is an Eden,
Frown, and a tempest will dawn.
Smile, and long years will endow you,
Frown, you are aged while in youth;
Smile, and then all will be beauty,
But frown, and all is uncouth.
Smile when troubles overtake you,
I know it will be worth while,
Nothing kills trouble more quickly,
And it's so easy to smile.

Dirigo, Ky.

ROBERT L. CAMPBELL

TREES WORTH WHILE

BY GEORGE M. CANNON

In our Pioneer settlements the Latter-day Saints have become famous for their interest in planting trees along the borders of their towns. Not always are these trees of the best varieties. Those in charge of such work may well give care to the choice of the trees selected. Around every farm and even around the little home of the city dweller, thought and good judgment should be used in selecting trees that will give the maximum enjoyment to those who enter there.

Shade Trees and Fruit Trees

Wherever trees are protected from marauders, whether human or animal, it may well be found profitable to plant trees that, in addition to their grateful shade, yield also a crop of either nuts or fruit. Fruit trees that may be recommended for this dual purpose include apples, pears, and cherries. Though in planting these for fruit alone, it is customary to "head" them low for convenience in gathering the fruit, they may well be pruned up and without disturbing the terminal buds of the main branches, where the added purpose of shade is in the mind of the owner.

Nut trees frequently make delightful shade and add to this a fine yield of nuts. In some parts of our country many varieties are thus planted. But from practical observation in our mountain climate, I only know of two that I am prepared to recommend; and these are walnuts: both the Black walnut, the wood of which is of such great value, and the English walnut. The latter is the more desirable for shade as the leaves of the former exude a sticky substance that coats unpleasantly anything beneath its branches. The leaves of the English variety are free from this objection, have a delightful odor when squeezed between the fingers, and yield a fine nut very much more easily extracted from the shell than the black walnut.

Shade trees are valuable for only three purposes: the added attractiveness they give, the shade they afford, and the uses to which the wood can be applied. For this reason it is, generally speaking, well worth while to plant.

Hardwood Trees

Some make objection that hardwoods are too slow of growth. But the added value when well matured is full compensation for the patience required in waiting for the hardwood growth. Among these are the maples:

Sugar maple, Norway maple, Purple Leaved maple, and Native maples; stated in order of their desirability. Of these the Norway maple makes the most rapid growth and the Native maples the slowest growth. Two varieties of these natives are found in our hills and



Left: Winter view of a street lined with 33-year-old ash, probably the finest row in Utah. Center: Tree in the left center shows a linden taken in the autumn when about three-fourths of the leaves were fallen. Right: A sycamore planted more than fifty years ago by the late W. C. Staines, for many years Church emigration agent, Salt Lake City.

canyons—one turning to a golden yellow, the other to a most brilliant crimson. Both will grow where care is taken to get good roots and to water well until well rooted in their new location.

Another most desirable shade tree is the Linden. Not only is it a beautiful tree, in symmetry and in shape of leaf, but its delicate lace-like blossom sends forth an abundant and delightful fragrance that perfumes the entire neighborhood.

A tree that is among the best is the Horse Chestnut. If planted, protected and watered, no other tree requires so little pruning to produce so perfect a shape. Its showy blossoms (white in one variety and pink in another) in the Spring, and the attractive "buck-eye" nuts in the Fall prove almost irresistible to the small boy.

They should either be planted where inaccessible to the public or in a neighborhood where boy-scout ideals have prevailed for a generation and are likely to prevail in the future.

Another tree furnishing splendid wood is the Ash; both of the white and of the green varieties. A long lane of Ash makes a magnificent avenue. Those surrounding the front of Chapultepec near the official residence of the president, near the City of Mexico, are probably the finest in any city in America. Nearly fifty feet to the first branches they tower high above the neighboring trees and are reputed to be older than the Spanish Invasion.

The Black Locust, planted in many of our settlements in the days of President Brigham Young, is one of the most rapid growers

of the hardwoods. On well drained land for which abundant water is available, the black locust makes really wonderful growth; and yet the wood is very heavy and when seasoned becomes so hard as to be difficult to work except with tools cooled in oil. Every community should have at some convenient point its grove of black locusts. The Honey Locust becomes a most stately tree with delicate rather sparse foliage and the trunk covered with gigantic thorns.

Elms

Are among the most graceful of trees. The Elm scale is quite prevalent in Utah, and only two varieties here seem to thrive so as to be safe to plant. These are the Huntington Elm, and the English Elm. The finest specimens of the former are on the City and County grounds Salt Lake City: while many fine English Elms are to be found in Ogden.

Soft Wood Varieties

Of these the most valuable is the native "Box Elder" (a soft maple sometimes called the "Ash Leaved Maple"). This tree was a great favorite with the pioneer farmers who frequently planted one



Native Boxelder, located diagonally across the street from the birthplace of Maude Adams, America's famous actress, Salt Lake City.

to mark the corner of their five acre lot in the "Big Field." And under its grateful shade many a pioneer lunch was eaten by the farmer and his boys with a relish engendered by good health and lusty toil. For wide streets and for a stately avenue, perhaps no tree here makes a better showing than the

Sycamore

Its leaves are the largest of any tree named; and in the Fall turn to almost all the hues of the forest. The town of Farmington has



Pioneer Boxelder tree in "Big Field," between 9th and 10th
East streets in Richards ward, Salt Lake City, removed
a few years ago.

recently planted *both* sides of the state highway, for a distance of more than half a mile, with this tree. If kept growing, and if any vacancies are quickly replaced, these trees will give to the county seat of Davis county the most stately half mile in Utah.

A Word as to Planting:

Do not be in a hurry. Make holes large enough and deep enough. Place two or three shovelful of soft earth in the center of the hole. In this soft dirt spread out the fibrous roots carefully; fill the whole two-thirds with soil, then fill up balance with water; let the water soak into the soil; fill in balance of dirt to top of hole and trample it carefully but well. The tree should be small as possible with a good root. The smaller the tree, if not broken down by careless vandals, the more likely to grow.

The Lord's Day

The Lord's Day comes just once each week, men say,
But is he not the Lord of everyday?
Man knows the day as one when he should rest,
And give his thought to God, should do his best
In all things whatsoe'er those things may be;
The day when human hearts all malice free
Draw near and with the Worthy Master sup,
By means of His thrice blessed communion cup.
These are all needful to ascend above,
But to be one with him, the Lord of Love,
Should not each life be lived to thus conform
Unto his law as each new day is born?
Yes, man must live thus to be his away,
Must count as God's each hour of every day.

Provo, Utah.

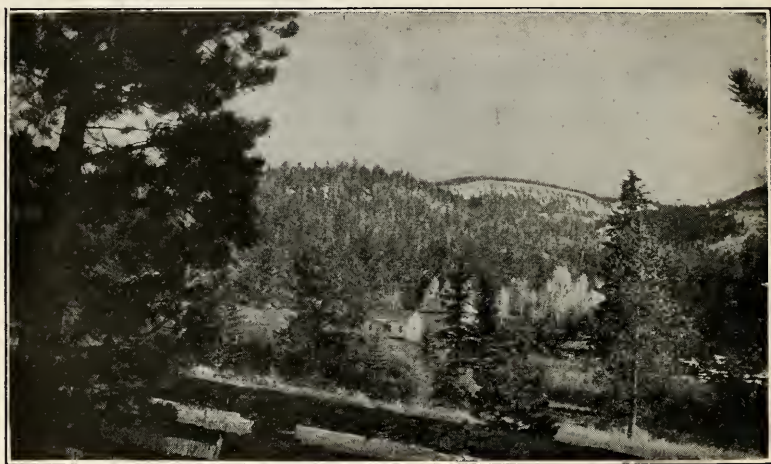
GRACE INGLES FROST.

"VOICE OF THE INTANGIBLE"

BY JOSEPH J. PORTER

As a forest ranger I have had many experiences, in different way's while riding through the forest, listening to the twitter of the birds, as they fly through the branches of the tall pines, and studying nature as it has been created by that Great Being who stands at the head of the Universe. Never in my life, however, have I felt a heaviness of heart greater than when I refused to listen to the Voice of the Intangible.

It is the custom of the forest ranger to have a working plan which acts as a time saver to him in his daily labors, and before retiring for the night he generally knows what is expected of him the following day.



Sweetwater Ranger Station Powell, National Forest

At the Sweetwater Ranger station located on the Powell National Forest, is a little four-room rustic house nestled beneath the tall pines and aspen, at the mouth of a cove which lies beneath the white ledges of limestone.

On one occasion on retiring for the night with my wife and family at this station, I had thoroughly made up my mind as to what my labors would be the following day; namely, to go to the sawmills and look after the cutting areas. I told my wife what I intended to do, but during the night that spirit something, or the Voice of the Intangible, impressed me to change my mind, and told me I must visit the Barney sheep herd. I pondered over what I had experienced during

the night and related the circumstances to my wife, Mollie. She said for me to go, for Wilford, the boy herding the sheep, would be glad to see me. I answered her, "All right," and also decided to take my little boy along who was but eight years of age. After breakfast the horses were brought from the pasture, saddled, and we were soon on our way.

The route we took was very rough; lava beds and fallen timber were encountered all along the trail.

On reaching some of the high points of the Table Cliff Plateau, we decided to view some of the scenery, as we had a good pair of monoculars with us. This was great fun for my little boy who had never experienced anything like it before. We could see the Temple of the Gods, at Bryce Canyon, and the Kaiparowits Peaks—meaning the "Big Mountain's Brother," in the Indian language; also the Navajo and Henry mountains which predominate above all others. We could also follow the great gorge of the silvery Colorado, as it wended its way through the great mass of sandstone formation. Nestled beneath the great, high ledges and deep gorges lies a little green spot which, upon examination, proves to be the little town of Escalante with a population of approximately 1,200 inhabitants.

As one looks out upon this great panorama, it brings to mind the time when the earth belched forth it's fury and the whole earth was covered with a sea of darkness, causing the valleys to sink and the mountains to rise, while great destruction was spread over the land.

All during this time that spirit or something, was after me to hurry on to the Barney sheep herd. I kept putting it off and off, and finally decided that, as the trail was so rough and my little boy perhaps not able to handle his horse over such ground, I would return to the station, with the thought in mind that the herd would be off the top in a few more days. I turned back. My heart seemed heavy, as if I had not done my duty. Stopping, I looked back, when the little boy said, "I thought you were going to Wilford's herd." I still thought and pondered over what I had heard during the night but finally decided it must have been a dream. Wending our way down through the forest we finally came back to the little, white, rustic ranger station. My wife seemed disappointed when she found I had not completed my journey.

All night and the next day my heart was heavy laden. I went upon the road the following day where I had a crew of men working. Suddenly a runner came riding up to me with his horse covered with foam and sweat, saying that Wilford Griffin had been accidentally shot, at the sheep herd, and had been found by Mr. Scott Barney who had happened that way, and who had brought the news to the ranger station.

The Voice of the Intangible said to me, "Will you never learn to listen?" It seemed to me as if my heart had refused to act any

longer, and the feeling of weakness—that came over my very soul is indescribable, while the lesson I had learned was worth more than gold to me. Yet the thought of the pain and suffering I could have saved that poor boy in his trying ordeal, made me tremble.

Collecting my thoughts, I told Mr. Walter Roundy, who had brought the message, to hurry back to the station, tell my wife to phone for the nearest help, and get a doctor. I then requested him to get bandages, antiseptics, and anything that would be of use in doing up the wound, while the road crew and I would start for the scene of the accident.

It was about six miles distant but no time was lost in reaching the place. On arriving we found Mr. Griffin's brother, O. H. Griffin, a forest ranger on another division, present. He had been notified by my wife and in less than two hours he, with twenty other men, had arrived at the scene.

I have been a forest ranger for almost twenty years, but never in all my experiences have I witnessed a sight that looked as pitiful as did Mr. Griffin lying there in that bed of blood where he had been for forty-two hours, his pale cheeks and sunken eyes denoting pain and distress. He had tried to stop the blood in an effort to save his life and had smeared it over his hands and face making him look even more pitiful. He arose without a smile. We washed his hands and face and then examined the wound which was just below the hip. The ball had passed straight through, but the wound had stopped bleeding. The wound was a bad one but we encouraged Mr. Griffin and told him we did not think it was as bad as he thought; then the first smile came across his face, and he began to take on new courage.

Mr. Roundy had now arrived with the bandages and everything imaginable with which to do up a wound, my wife having sent them. I also had a "first aid kit" which I always carried with me. We washed our hands, and did up the wound with materials of the "first aid kit." We then took long strips of cloth and bandaged the wounded leg to the other so he could be handled without so much pain. A change of clothes was soon procured from among the crowd; a shirt here, and a pair of trousers there, until Mr. Griffin looked like a new boy. A litter was soon made from aspen poles and a wool sack. Mr. Griffin was then laid on the litter and soon made ready for the long hike several miles across lava beds and fallen timber to where he could be reached with a rig.

The following is Mr. Griffin's story as he has related it many times, with the exception that he has stated to me that he felt as if he would be found by Ranger Porter. When I related my experiences to him he said, "well that accounts for it then." Here is his story:

On the 10th day of July, 1913, when the sun was sinking in the west, I took my gun and left the tent to round in the sheep for the night. I got within a quarter of a mile of camp on my way back, when the accident occurred.

An old ewe, with her lamb, had stopped behind. I went down the hill to start her towards camp when she ran past me. Having hold of the barrel of the gun, I struck at her with the stock, not intending to hit but only to frighten her. When I came to myself, I found that I was a bird with a broken wing and had no way of getting to my cage except by crawling. As I lay upon the ground bleeding, I heard a little voice whispering to me to take courage. So I did, and began crawling on my hands and one knee, dragging my wounded leg.

I had crawled about four hundred yards up the hill, when, as I lay down on the grass to rest, a fear came over me which makes me shudder, as I reflect upon the scene of that night. I was sure I would die alone without a word of farewell to anyone.

I took from my pocket-book a leaf of paper and a pencil, and wrote a note to whomsoever it might concern, saying that I had shot myself accidentally through the leg, just below the hip. Taking new courage I bade farewell to my relatives and friends: yes, even to this dear old world. How I trembled and shook as I finished writing! I could feel cold chills running down my back.

There remained a distance of about five or six hundred yards, all uphill traveling. I could crawl only a few feet at a time. Gritting my teeth and groaning I made my way slowly towards camp. My little puppy, whining to show his sympathy for me, was my only comforter in the long night's journey. The top of that hill I thought I would never reach; but as the clock struck three in the morning I struggled into camp completely exhausted. You can imagine my feelings on approaching the lonely tent, knowing I had to be my own doctor, nurse, and consoler.

How I longed for my mother to be at my side and nurse me as she had done in my childhood days. I longed, as I had never longed before, to see a human face and hear a human voice. How I strained my ears for approaching footsteps, but all in vain.

One long day was spent in thinking what my past life had been, wondering if I had benefited humanity in any way, and if I would live to tell the story to dear ones at home. The night was passed in the same way, only that I tried to sleep, but was roused and startled by a hoot owl in the distance.

At last morning came, and the fear of darkness was driven away by the songs of the birds. One dread fantasy after another crowded its way in and out of my fevered brain until I was almost driven wild; but at last, after forty-two hours of fearful foreboding I was startled, like a deer from his hiding place, at the sound of a horseman coming along the trail towards my tent.

If I had had two good legs, no doubt I would have run to bid him welcome, but being overpowered with joy and too weak to shout, I had to hold my peace and look as pleasant as possible. How thankful I am, still, that he came when he did. The water I had was almost gone—how lucky I was to have it. It was not my custom to get water at night before rounding the sheep; but fortune had favored me so far. I had brought in a bucket of water, never dreaming it would be the means of saving my life, as the doctor told me afterwards it was.

Five miles I was carried through a trail in the forest and down over lava beds. How cautiously those fellows stepped from rock to rock and over fallen timber! Each jerk and twist they gave me felt as if my leg were being pulled off. After hours traveling we arrived at the buggy which was waiting for us. There the doctor made a slight examination and wanted to know what had been done. I told him how my friends had bandaged up the wound and he said it was as well as he himself could have done. It was decided best to take me home and a soft bed was made for me in the back of the buggy.

Everything in readiness, we started for home leaving behind us the scene of the accident, but by no means leaving the suffering.

After spending ten weeks in the hospital in Salt Lake City, under the care of the doctor, and the remainder of the year hobbling around on crutches, doing practically no work, I am too thankful for the privilege of enjoying life to complain of the results of the accident.

Let us rejoice, fellow comrades, even though misfortune comes our way; and let us take advantage of this lesson from the experience of a cripple. One minute of uncontrolled anger may bring sorrow and pain the remainder of our lives."

These are Mr. Griffin's words as nearly as I can remember them.

I shall never forget that scene as the buggy began winding its way down the road along the mountain side. As the rig disappeared, I sighed and reined my horse down the mountain, in the opposite direction towards the little, white, rustic ranger station in the cove. With the thought in mind that I had learned a great lesson, I made a vow with myself that I would always, from then on, give heed to that spirit something, or the Voice of the Intangible.

Escalante, Utah.

Boy Beautiful

Boy Beautiful, Boy Beautiful,
O, come to mother's arms
In child-like trust so dutiful
How manifold your charms!
So precious is your love to me,
Made dearer every hour,
My heart's divinest symphony
My life's supremest flower.

Boy Beautiful, Boy Beautiful,
Your steps are young and glad—
May life's stern pathway dutiful
Ne'er make them worn and sad;
All day they patter eagerly,
To joyous life they tread,
Then comes the night, and gleefully
They scamper off to bed.

Boy Beautiful, Boy Beautiful,
I hold you close, for Oh!
A mother's vigil dutiful
With love-light all aglow!
Once in a season bleak and wild,
When perished lay the flowers,
Kind heaven kept you here, my child,
To cheer the vacant hours.

Boy Beautiful, Boy Beautiful,
The smile upon your face
Brings back his image lovable,
Who lives in angel grace.
My heart has grown so worshipful,
I follow where you lead
'Mid springtime flowers magical
That freshen all the mead.

Boy Beautiful, Boy Beautiful,
How sweet is life's fair dawn!
A Mother's watch-care dutiful
Gives cheer to journey on!
By night, by day, my heart's fond plea,
My sum of hopes—but one—
God grant my boy shall ever be
A true and worthy son.

Salem, Utah,

MINNIE IVERSON HODAPP.

A COWBOY SCULPTOR

BY H. R. MERRILL, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Railroad shops would hardly be recognized as an artist's studio from which would come beautiful pieces of sculptured art, but when one remembers that it isn't the studio that produces the art but a mind so constructed that externals cannot affect it much—why not? From the railroad shops in Ogden, magnificent clay cowboys, Indians, horses, Mexicans are coming—but that is my story.

The Arizona freighter, as he "skinned" his freight team over the sand hills between Tuba and Flagstaff, Arizona, twenty-five years ago, little dreamed that the wide-eyed lad who sat beside him, watching the play of muscles on the thighs of his wheel horses, would one day startle his friends by his faithful reproduction in clay of those sinuous mustang muscles. Neither did the Arizona cowboy dream as he roped his broncho that the boy who watched him with such avidity from the high pole fence, would reproduce his every act in plastic clay. But he did.

The Arizona freighter and cowboy was William E. Packer; the boy was his little son, J. A. Packer, who today has given to the world several groups of western characters that will preserve as nothing else could do, the Old West just as the old-timers knew it.

J. A. Packer, cowboy, rancher, and artist, was born at Tuba, Arizona, thirty-three years ago. Life began among the Arizona sand-hills where the atmosphere of the Old West was still maintained. Mr. Packer says some of his earliest recollections are of the old freight wagon which he rode many a time as he accompanied his father upon his trips between Tuba and Flagstaff. While he was yet a mere boy his parents moved to Utah, in a covered wagon. On their way north the pioneer family crossed the Colorado river by boat, at Lee's Ferry, one of the most interesting crossings of the Grand Canyon.

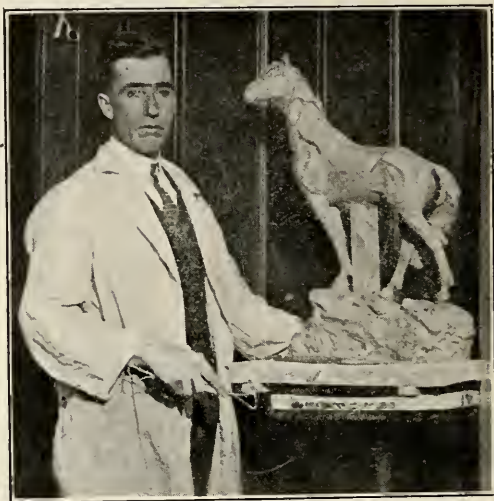
Young Packer early became interested in modeling. He and his brothers had whole herds of clay horses, cows, and sheep which they modeled from ordinary clay, dug with sticks out of the red and white banks along the arroyos. These boys each owned well-stocked little, toy ranches, all of their own construction.

As they grew older the mania for modeling remained with P. A. and every spare moment of his early life he spent making things of various kinds. Nearly all of his work, however, depicts some phases of western life which he knows so well.

"My youth was taken up with life in the open," he says, "with the horse, and other animals as my daily companions. Quite naturally I grew up with a great love for horses and out-door life. This life is such a part of me that it comes seething out of me in all sorts of

small sculptures depicting the cowboy, the Indian, and revealing the influence of the mountains and deserts of the West."

Young Packer began his professional career under the direction of Professors A. B. Wright and Calvin Fletcher, both well known artists of Utah, to whom he owes much for the inspiration they gave him. In 1917 a congressman from Utah, Milton H. Welling, gave the eager boy the opportunity of going to Washington, D. C. There he registered as a student of the National School of Fine and Applied Arts, under the supervision of Paul W. Bartlett. Later, young Packer entered



J. A. Packer at work on his latest piece, "The Chief of the Band," a study of a wild mustang of Arizona.

the studio of N. S. J. Dunbar, where he remained at work until his return to Utah.

The young cowboy artist came back to Utah, his mind full of dreams of what he would do for his beloved West. He began turning out western and pioneer groups, bucking bronchos, playful cowboys upending long-horns, the cowboy at work; and then, to his surprise he discovered what every artist has discovered since the dawn of time, that he couldn't make a living out of art. People gazed at his beautiful work, praised it, but failed to purchase. The cowboy was forced to go to work at some more lucrative job.

At present he is working in the shops of the Southern Pacific railroad, at Ogden. While he toils for his daily bread and the support of his little family, he is dreaming over the old days spent in the open, upon the hills of Arizona and Utah; and then, when he should be sleeping, he is reproducing his West in clay. As an aid to his salary



"The Range Rider," by J. A. Packer.

but more to keep in touch with his art, he teaches a night class in modeling at the Ogden High School.

J. A. Packer exhibited five groups of western life at the Utah State Fair last October. Old punchers from the south and east would pause before the groups in surprise and there would burst forth in praise of the art that could reveal every mood of the cowhorse and its rider so faithfully.

Provo, Utah.

From Pleased Readers

"We appreciate the *Improvement Era* because of its great value to our missionary work."—Fritz Wingenried, Indianapolis, Indiana.

"Every mail finds the missionaries eagerly looking forward to the arrival of the *Era* which always bears messages of inspiration and service as a guiding light in our work."—Melvin G. Wagstaff, secretary Samoan mission, Apia, Samoa, January 4.

M. P. Baker, Bakersfield, California, writes under date of January 10: "We are well pleased with the lessons in the *Era* for this year. They give a person something to think about, and it takes some deep thinking to understand some of the lessons. We sure enjoy them, and hope all the other Mutuals that are studying them like them as we do."

THE RESURECTION OF LEAH BRIAN

BY ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

The nurse brought a pot of jonquils into the maternity ward of the county hospital. Their flamboyant beauty greeted the eyes of Leah Brian, young mother, when she opened her eyes that Easter morning. She was awakened by the singing of the Easter carols, and for a moment she did not know where she was. She had hovered so close to the precipice of death these last few weeks, that the chasm held no further terrors for her.

But now life in the form of her ten day old baby had come and pulled her back from the brink. The music was not that of celestial beings, but of some over-stout ladies charitably inclined.

Leah Rolfe Brian, like all the patients of the hospital, was the guest of the county. She sighed. She guessed that she ought to be thankful for the attentions of charity since it was the only kind she got.

Leah, once proud daughter of Judge Rolfe, former happy wife of Donald Brian, had gone down alone, unknown, into the valley of the shadow of death. Calamity had followed her since that first night that she had sneaked off to a cheap dance. There she had met Don Brian, beetling-browed, dashing, splendid in his primitive strength. Elemental as a child, he fascinated her; he was so different from the over-cultured men that she met in her father's house. Not until she married him did she find out that he was an arrogant coward.

Clandestine meetings followed. Then her parents found out about him and openly opposed him. He was *impossible* from every angle. But by that time Leah was so infatuated with him that nothing else mattered. So she took her destiny into her own hands and eloped with him.

In casting herself adrift from the safe harbor of her home she felt that she had at least put to sea with a brave adventurer. Imagine her consternation when she found that she did not even have a man to back her. Untrained, ignorant, easily influenced, with no principles to tie to, he let himself be buffeted by all winds. But because she was a thoroughbred and a sport, she gallantly stuck to her unseaworthy sailor.

Hoping to break it up by that means, her parents refused to have anything to do with them after the marriage. Her brother made threats against her husband.

So he had taken her away. Leah had to deal with poverty, loneliness and sickness. Still, with the perversity of women, she loved her husband. She set a great value upon his love because it had been so costly.

Then began the revelations that usually come to those who marry

in haste. There had been other women in her husband's life—one dead, another divorced. Instead of being the great love of his life, she was only one of the flowers that a stroller picks as he walks through a garden.

When she felt that she had suffered so much that she could suffer no more, her husband deserted her. At first, she could not believe it; then she went crazy. After she regained her reason she tried to figure out why he had done it. Knowing the changeable nature of the man, she guessed that it was on the impulse of a moment. He would probably regret it; but it proved his utter lack of manhood. His abandonment at such a time went far to cure her of her love for him.

So, after Gethsemane, wearing her crown of thorns, she went on to Golgotha. In her crucifixion she was flanked, not by thieves, but by women who, too, had believed in men.

Out of the wreck of her marriage had come life—the wailing cry of a child. Down and out as she was, she had achieved life, the greatest thing in the world. With it came a new hope. She wanted to keep her child. It was all that she had salvaged from the fiasco of wrecked home, heart and mind. Yet when she held him close she felt that he was worth it, for who can set a price upon a human being?

The hospital attendants hinted at orphanages, day nurseries, adoption. She listened to them in stolid silence. She wished to start life anew with her baby. She would bury her past like the dead in a tomb, and her soul should rise resurrected, purified, through her terrible ordeal.

If only her body were a little stronger! She felt her physical weakness and the memory of the man still stabbed her like a knife. The words of a young elder who had come in to administer to a woman who did not want to live, came to her, "He shall raise up the weak things of the earth—"

Because she was one of these, she did the only thing that she could do, lying there. She prayed.

That afternoon, during the visiting hours, her great aunt, Amelia, was ushered in. She was resplendent in new Easter clothes which exuded the perfume of crab-apple blossoms.

"So here you are!" she exclaimed, seating her large person on a chair. "A nice place to find you in, and a high time I've had of it. I had to engage a detective agency to find you!"

Leah could not help smiling slightly. There had never been much intimacy between her family and her aunt.

"Saw the baby on my way in. Good thing it's a boy. Doesn't look much, but then, they're all homely at that age."

Leah vouchsafed no reply to this.

"So he went off and left you! H-mp, just about what you could expect! How do you feel?"

"About as well as I could expect to," answered Leah, wanly.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, Aunt."

"Well I do. You're coming to me as soon as they will let you move. And you're going to stay right there and be taken care of until you want to do something else."

"Can I bring the baby?" asked Leah, suddenly thinking that her prayer had been answered like a miracle.

"Of course." The worldly old woman nursed a secret satisfaction in knowing how it would pique Henry to find out that she had taken care of his daughter in her extremity.

Amelia had been married in her youth to an old man with money. The pent-up bitterness of her loveless marriage burst forth.

"I admired your courage in marrying for love, Leah, and I marveled at your grit in sticking by your bargain. The only thing I'm sorry for is that it was wasted on such a worthless scamp!"

A desolate feeling came around her heart; what if her aunt had not found her?

Because she was still weak, Leah burst into tears.

Substitutes for Tobacco

The editor of *Moral Welfare* says the so-called pleasure from the use of tobacco comes from satisfying a cultivated appetite, and not a natural one. He suggests that a good substitute would be to catch the itch because of the pleasure derived from scratching. Besides, he says, "it is far cheaper, and there is no tax on it, and no danger of fire. It does not pollute the air, and does not make one smell like a goat." Much has been written about restoring the youthful vigor of old or weak men by injecting monkey glands into them. Science is doing some quite wonderful things along this line, apparently, but it would be a million times more helpful to the human race if the *young* men were kept free from the things that make them prematurely old and weak. Tobacco is sending many a youth headlong to debility and decay. When the United States cuts tobacco out of the life of its citizens, it will not be necessary to monkey with monkey glands in restoring wasted vigor for many of our citizens. No substitute can equal the natural vigor of the man who takes care of his body. A London man proposes to teach people "the art of smoking." He would not substitute anything, but says smokers smoke too much, adding: "People who smoke one cigarette after another without stopping are nothing but savages." The ideal way, he says, is to make a cigarette last twenty or twenty-five minutes. If smoking a lot makes a person a real savage, what does a long-drawn out smoke make him? Here is a better prescription: "Make one cigarette last a life-time by never lighting it."—*Will H. Brown*, Oakland, Calif.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

In all of our United States; in Canada and in Mexico; Great Britain, Scandinavia, Germany and many other countries of Europe, from the pines of the north to the palms of the south; in Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Hawaii, and in many of the Islands of the far Pacific, the Church has faithful men and women teaching with divine authority, and in love, without remuneration, the gospel of Jesus Christ, and calling all mankind to repentance. The Church at home and abroad is imbued with the great responsibility of this divine calling and duty of proclaiming the gospel to all nations, which let us always remember.

"God of our fathers known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Kipling's "Recessional."

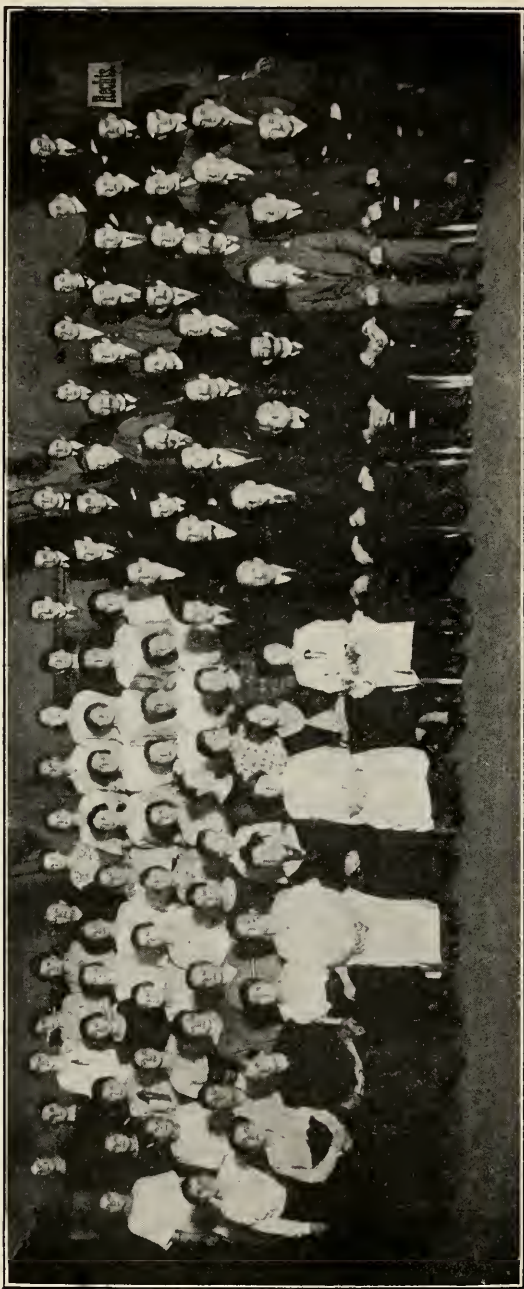
"The Vision" Presented by the Choir in Breslau, Germany

The most successful conference ever held in its history, so pronounced by all in attendance, was that of the Breslau conference, Swiss-German mission, December 15-17, 1923, under the leadership of Conference President L. H. Schobert. The conference opened with a combined priesthood, officers' and teachers' meeting. Valuable instructions were given by Mission President Fred Tadge and Elder Schobert. The former spoke on the "necessity of obedience to higher authority, and of every Latter-day Saint doing his utmost to preach the gospel to those who have no knowledge of it," giving scriptural quotations to emphasize his points.

The Sunday school convention was distinguished, because the entire program was furnished by children. A choir composed of sixty-five children from the three branches of the conference furnished singing in a commendable manner, for which the 700 Saints and friends present offered the highest of praise. After a welcome greeting and a beautiful bouquet of flowers being presented to President Tadge by ten little girls dressed in white, the President made valuable remarks which set everyone thinking.

The afternoon session was a spiritual feast! The sermons given were indeed guided by the Spirit of God. "Repentance" and the "Word of Wisdom" were the keynotes around which they were woven. The vocal and instrumental solos rendered by the missionaries were heard with great enthusiasm, and at the finish of "Forgotten," sung in English by Norwood Crawford, the audience burst forth in applause.

The crowning event was the rendition of the oratorio, "The Vision," by the Breslau conference choir, under the leadership of John D. Montague. Those acquainted with this beautiful oratorio will realize that it would be no small task to translate it into another language, teach it to an amateur choir of ninety voices in three and one-half months, and present it successfully, exceeding even their most enthusiastic hopes,—but that is what Elder Montague did. He organized the Breslau choir only seven months ago. As a prelude to the concert, President Tadge explained to the 1,100 people assembled the details of the events leading up to and resulting in the Prophet Joseph's first vision.—L. H. Schobert, conference president. (See p. 542.)



THE BRESLAU CHOIR WHICH RENDERED THE ORATORIO, "THE VISION."

Remarkable Activities in Breslau, Germany

The large manufacturing city of Breslau, in the far eastern corner of Germany, had an extraordinary opportunity to become acquainted with the activities and the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the occasion of the first visit of the new Mission President, Fred Tadje, when a large conference was held in the city stock-exchange on Sunday, the 22nd of July last, followed by a remarkable open-air baptism in the Oder river. The conference had been well ad-

vertised by printed material on the little round towers which serve as bill-boards in this country as well as by the distribution of leaflets by ten missionaries who are laboring in the city. The result was the appearance of nearly a thousand persons at each of the three meetings held, all of whom expressed themselves as well pleased with the showing made by the "Mormons."

The day preceding the conference was devoted by President Tadge to getting acquainted with the thirty-four missionaries of the Dresden Conference, which includes eight branches in various cities of eastern Germany. In a special priesthood meeting each of the workers told of his labors and made suggestions for the advancement of the cause. Also the local officers were called upon to report their activities. The meetings of the conference proper were supervised by President Joseph Duran. They were begun with a Sunday-school convention at ten o'clock in the morning, at which the various classes of the three Sunday-schools in Breslau offered musical numbers and model recitations, followed by preaching in the afternoon and evening. President Tadge addressed all three gatherings, and the principles of the gospel were also explained by President Zaugg of the Basel conference, President Buehner, of the Chemnitz conference, President Rowe of the Hamburg conference, President Gardner of the Frankfurt conference, and President Duran, of the Dresden conference. The musical offerings were especially noteworthy. Elder Cornwall, of Salt Lake City, rendered several very pleasing selections on the violin, and the work of the large Breslau choir, under the direction of Elder John Montague of Elsinore, Utah, drew forth many favorable comments. The meetings were pronounced by all who attended them to be among the best that have ever been held in Germany.

Monday evening at sun-set twenty-three candidates were baptized in the waters of the famous Oder river before the eyes of a thousand spectators who had gathered out of curiosity and interest. The scene was very picturesque and reminiscent of the scriptural passage which speaks of the inhabitants of the city of Jerusalem going out to the Jordan when John the Baptist was baptizing there. Two airplane pilots who were maneuvering over the city were attracted by the crowd and flew low overhead so that the ceremony was accompanied by the roar of their motors. After the baptisms, President Duran mounted a platform and addressed the crowd, explaining to them the meaning of what they had seen.

The work in Breslau is making gratifying progress. The city has three branches of the Church with some five hundred members who are proud to call their district, "Little Zion." Twelve missionaries, mostly Americans, are at work in the city. The conditions in the city at large, as well as in the whole of Germany were rather stringent due to the pressure of the French in the Ruhr Valley, but some relief from the want and high prices is expected at harvest time. The attitude of the authorities toward the work of the "Mormon" Elders has entirely changed. Before the war they were banished and imprisoned. The situation at present is well illustrated by the fact that President Tadge was the guest of a German police detective during his visit here.—*R. P. Middleton, Clerk.*

Conference in San Bernadino

The semi-annual conference was held November 9, 10 and 11. Though stormy, large crowds were in attendance at all nine sessions. Friday at the priesthood meeting there were seventeen missionaries, besides Mission President Joseph W. McMurrin and his associates. President McMurrin gave a closing sentence to be remembered: "Perform well your work while in the mission field and the remembrance will always be sweet to you." Follow-

ing the meeting the San Bernardino Relief Society served the missionaries to a banquet. Interesting toasts were given. Edith Ione Walker acted as toast mistress, one of her clever ideas being to have three ukuleles to accompany the songs. Friday evening the missionaries gave a treat by presenting a short, spicy program, many of them displaying hidden talent never dreamed of before. The Los Angeles missionaries presented as a closing number, a two-act farce which won great applause from the audience. The regular conference opened on Saturday morning, addressed by several of the local missionaries and President McMurrin. Saturday afternoon was occupied by the Relief Society and the Primary associations, a playlet being given by the San Bernardino children, and two musical numbers by a Relief Society chorus. In the evening under Superintendent Larsen the M. I. A. sessions convened. Sunday the meetings were well attended by friends and investigators who listened attentively to the different missionaries and visitors who spoke. Good music was presented during the conference.



Elders and lady missionaries, left to right: bottom row: William W. Toombs, L. Brooks Abbott, Violet Jensen, L. Glenn Williams, D. V. Farnsworth. Second row: John H. Godfrey, Mrs. Charlotte Stahr, president mission Relief Societies; Joseph W. McMurrin, president California mission; Mrs. Josie B. Bay, Ira M. Bay, president San Bernardino conference; Agnes A. West, Truman V. Rollins. Third and fourth rows: Edith Ione Walker, Lucille Brown, Verna Lindquist, Millan Peck, J. Dewey Solomon, mission secretary; Grace Cheever, corresponding secretary; Lila Brown, Superintendent Gustive O. Larsen, Ethel Burrows, Lydia A. Ekins, mission Y. L. M. I. A. president; Allen Jensen. Top row: Sharp W. Daynes, *Calimis* editor; Jesse P. Coombs, Claude Surrage, Joseph G. Jeppson, William J. Cook and Irvin B. Janson.

A Place of Many Religions

Elberfield and Barmen are two cities connected together by a hanging railway, located in Wupper Valley. The inhabitants of the two cities number about 300,000. They might be said to lead the world in religion, there being 240 different sects and religions represented. Politically the Wupper Valley might be called "Little Russia," judging from the numbers of Communists or "Reds" who form part of the population. Opposition among the clergy is very marked here. Among themselves, religiously, they do not know what unity means, but they are all united when it comes to "throw-

ing a monkey-wrench in the 'Mormon' machine." They all warn their flocks not to poison their minds with "such trash." Although our numbers are few, and those few are sorely tried, we can still report progress, not such, however, as that which is being made in eastern Germany, where there are not one-fourth the religious sects to contend with, and where the people have not been so many times deceived as to lose all confidence in any relig-



Missionaries laboring in above branches in Cologne conference, Swiss-German mission, left to right, standing: Paul K. Edmunds, president Eberfield branch; Cecil V. Polland; sitting: Paul Burnham, president Barmen branch; Wilford Bartschi.

ion, as is the case here. We are all enjoying our missionary work a great deal, and we can see that the Lord has prepared many of these people for the acceptance of the gospel.—*Paul K. Edmunds*, President Elberfield branch; *Paul Burnham*, President Barmen Branch.

Los Angeles Missionary Conference

The semi-annual missionary conference of the Los Angeles conference was held January 11-13 in the Adams ward chapel under direction of President Alexander F. Schreiner. In addition to all local missionaries and mission officials being present, there were several visitors from other conferences.

The conference opened with a six-hour Priesthood meeting at which all the missionaries reported their experiences. They were then banqueted by the Adams ward Relief Society, Elder Sharp W. Daynes acting as toastmaster. The company was favored by the presence of President and Sister Heber J. Grant, President and Sister Joseph W. McMurrin. In the evening an illustrated lecture was presented, by Supt. Gustive O. Larson, on "The History of Temples and Temple work." This is the third of a series of lectures featured in the California mission to date.

Two general sessions were held Saturday and three on Sunday, during which the missionaries gave instructive gospel talks. Music was furnished by the missionaries and by the Los Angeles stake choir.

Although this missionary conference was held in the heart of a stake of Zion, and services were conducted in all of the wards, yet a record breaking

attendance crowded the chapel during most of the services. A total of 3,555 people attended the sessions. This is the first case of a stake being organized in a mission field, and it is of interest to observe the harmony existing in the operation of the two lines of authority.

During the conference the general and mission authorities were sustained and assignments were made for all the missionaries.

Many Investigators

Elder W. Abner Larson of the East Iowa conference, Northern States mission, reports from Rock Island, Illinois, that the Davenport, Iowa, tri-annual conference was held there recently. The elders are in good working condition and are thankful to their heavenly Father for his many blessings to them. "The help of the Lord has made a corps of young men efficient in doing his work, and many, through their efforts, have become investigators."



Elders left to right: (top row) A. Dee Showalter, Lovell, Wyoming; C. C. Darwin Brotherson, Mt. Pleasant; Roy F. Tygesen, Garfield; Jesse K. Burrows, Salt Lake City; J. Gale Houston, Panguitch; bottom row: Newel S. Caboon, Deseret; W. Abner Larsen, Preston, Idaho, conference president; John H. Taylor, mission president; Orson G. Smith, Rexburg, Idaho; Leonard J. Anderson, Moroni, Utah.

Succeeding Fairly

President John H. Taylor of the Northern States Mission, writing from Chicago, Illinois, February 14, reports considerable sickness among the elders. The work, however, is progressing fairly in the mission, the elders being very active. Some difficulty is being met in tracting, in some parts, on account of having to obtain a license for that purpose. "Recently we have had the pleasure of a visit from James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve; also Elder Richard R. Lyman of the Council of the Twelve. We were delighted to receive their good counsel, and instructions and ad-

monitions. Elder Lyman attended one of our conferences at Springfield, and the conference group is enclosed. On the whole, we are succeeding nicely in our labors."



First row: Priscilla Pulley, C. A. Neuenschwander, retiring conference president; Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve, President John H. Taylor; Byron S. Eaton, conference president. Center row: J. L. Somerville, Milton R. Park, G. W. Coffman, Wm. B. Staples, Laura Tree, Edna Scorup. Third row: Hobert B. Stay, Rulon A. Jones, Marion Clark, W. Lyman Miller.

Conference in the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium

The Long Beach semi-annual missionary conference convened December 28, 29 and 30, 1923, with conference president Silas A. Bushman in charge. On the 28th a five-hour missionary priesthood meeting was enjoyed by everyone, all reporting their work.

"The five meetings in the chapel had an attendance of about eleven hundred. The people were well pleased with the spirit manifested by the speakers and their message. The evening sessions of Saturday and Sunday were held in the Long Beach municipal auditorium, which privilege was courteously granted to the Latter-day Saints by the city officials. The prominent feature of these meetings was the music rendered by the Los Angeles stake choir under the direction of William Salt. This already famous choir of one hundred voices will long be remembered in Long Beach. The Municipal band, preceding the conference meeting, together with the advertising of the local missionaries, caused an audience of two thousand people to assemble on Saturday evening. The missionaries explained in a clear and powerful method the plan of salvation, the divinity of the Book of Mormon and our belief in latter day revelation respectively. President McMurrin also expressed his appreciation of the hospitality of the city officials and gave many interesting thoughts on the "Mormon" pioneers of California which showed that Utah's sons have merited such courtesy. Although the meeting started at a late hour, nearly one thousand were in attendance.

The previous meetings and the choir drew a permanent audience of about twelve hundred Sunday evening in the auditorium. The excellent music furnished by the choir and soloists was greatly enjoyed by the listeners.

President Silas A. Bushman, President Charlotte Stahr, of the Relief Society, Elder Joseph G. Jeppson, Elder Allen K. Jensen and Superintendent G. O. Larson were the speakers. The attendance was very gratifying and the number in the Long Beach Auditorium exceeded that of any other Latter-day Saint meeting ever held in the California mission. It changed many prejudiced minds and no doubt paved the way for many souls to be brought back to Christ."—*Jos. G. Jeppson.*



Missionaries of Long Beach conference, back row, left to right: John Godley, Melvin G. Christensen, Noal A. Fuller, Russ Burns, Glen Larson, Mary M. Anderson, Claude Q. Cowley, Myrtle Harris, Hans P. Dennison, Alta Jensen. Third row: Ernest Horsley, Amanda Rasmussen, President of Huntington Beach Relief Society; Arthus Harris, Lavon Lund, Joseph G. Jeppson, Lucile Holdaway, Allen K. Jensen, Agnes Anderson, T. T. Rasmussen, Emily Cook. Second row: Frank Brown assistant mission secretary; Alex F. Schreiner, conference president of Los Angeles; Sharp W. Daynes, editor of Mission Bulletin; Silas A. Bushman, president of Long Beach conference; Joseph W. McMurrin, president of California mission; Lydia A. Ekins, president of Primary and Y. L. M. I. A.; Gustive O. Larson, superintendent of California Sunday School and Y. M. M. I. A.; Elsie Hogan, corresponding secretary. Front row: Ethel Burrows, Dallas Athay, Louise Jeppson, Laver Doney, Jennie Taylor, Ilda LeCheminant, George Harris.

Sixteen Added to the Church in Scotland

Dean W. Bench, writing from Glasgow, Scotland, under date of October 22, reports that the people there have had their minds tainted with untrue stories regarding the Latter-day Saints, but to a certain extent, this barrier is gradually being broken down. In the past six months sixteen new, energetic members were added to the Church. We held a notable conference in Glasgow on Sunday, October 7. A total of 398 people attended the three sessions, over which President David O. McKay presided.



The four traveling elders laboring in Glasgow are as follows, left to right: Dean W. Bench, president of the Scottish conference, released; President Glen A. Finlayson; clerk of the conference, Harvey H. Glade, and Wallace R. Budge.

Literature Readily Accepted

Elder A. D. Wardell, president of the Mississippi conference, Southern States mission, reports that the people are manifesting a more friendly spirit than in times past in that district. The privilege of holding street meetings

has been denied, but the elders have had excellent success in other ways in furthering the cause. "In the past month literature has been readily accepted, eighteen Books of Mormon, and 300 other little books have been sold, along with the distribution of many tracts and other printed matter. We have held several interesting meetings in the railway shops and some well-attended cottage meetings. Several people are earnestly investigating the gospel message and a few new homes have been opened for preaching the gospel. We greatly enjoy reading the *Era* each month." Elders, front



row, left to right: Conference President A. D. Wardell, Cowley, Wyoming; Eldon J. Peart, Randolph, Utah. Back row: William C. Wood, Blackfoot, Idaho; Warren M. Hughes, Mesquite, Nevada.

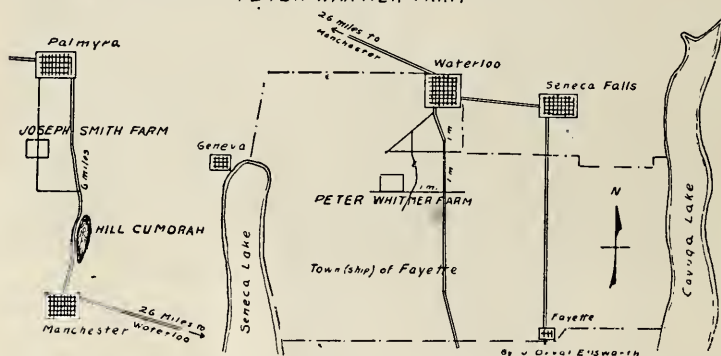
THE BIRTH PLACE OF THE CHURCH

BY J. ORVALL ELLSWORTH, COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE,
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Reverence, curiosity and personal interest in the birth place of the Church, stimulate a desire on the part of its members to visit, when possible, the scene of its organization.

We read in church history: "On the 6th of April, 1830, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized in the town of Fayette, Seneca county, State of New York." Most all maps of New York show the finger-lake region near the central portion of the state. By examination we find Seneca county includes the area between the two largest of these lakes, Seneca and Cayuga, and we readily find Waterloo, the county seat, located midway between

RELATIVE LOCATION OF THE
JOSEPH SMITH FARM, HILL CUMORAH
PETER WHITMER FARM



the northern ends of the lakes mentioned. Only on a few of the larger maps is the village of Fayette indicated.

Frequent reference to the town of Fayette throughout early church history leads the layman to conclude that that little hamlet was the home of Peter Whitmer and has resulted in past years, that many missionaries and tourists have sought in vain for the exact location of the birthplace of the Church. The writer, likewise familiar with only western phraseology, came to the same conclusion. Accordingly, we visited the village and made inquiry concerning the possible location of the Whitmer Farm. No one seemed to have ever heard of such a name. We finally mentioned the word "Mormons," and one old gentleman recognized having heard the word before. He informed us that he thought the farm for which we were searching was located in the western part of the "Town." His use of the word "Town" stimulated further inquiry which revealed the fact that

in the early history of the eastern states the word "town",¹ referred not to a village but to a township, an area of indefinite size usually depending on geographical location; in the case of Fayette a tract about six miles wide and thirteen miles long, extending from Seneca Lake on the west to Cayuga Lake on the east.

Repeated inquiry finally led us to a farm only two miles south and one mile west of Waterloo and the one which was referred to as "Mormon Farm." Here we found a young farmer, Mr. George Kime, who treated us kindly and informed us that we were on the old Whitmer Farm, and pointing to an old tree then lying by the roadside said, "For years that has been known as the 'Mormon Tree,' Missionaries used to come and hold meetings by it." Mr. Kime explained that the



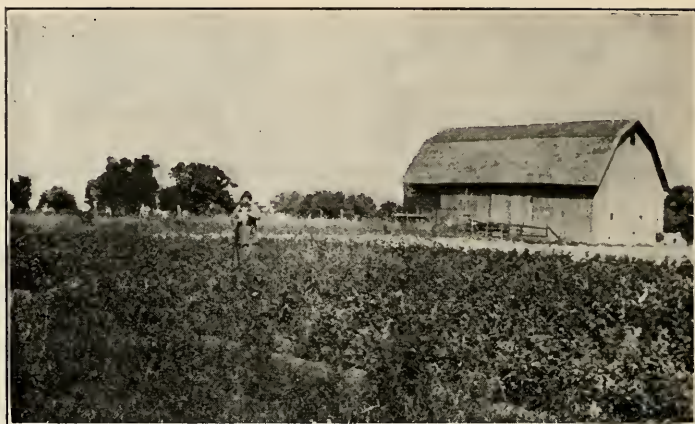
The Peter Whitmer farm looking northwest, the birthplace of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 6, 1830.

old tree, possibly 200 years old, had served as a land mark for years, and had been cut down in 1922, having previously died.

Mr. Kime led us to a place in the potato field where he said the old house of the Whitmers once stood. We found many pieces of pottery and broken dishes evincing a former door yard.

The relative location of the Whitmer farm to Palmyra, the Joseph Smith Farm and Hill Cumorah is shown by the accompanying map. The Whitmer farm is only two miles south and one mile west of Waterloo. The road indicated by the double line is at present the paved state highway leading south and east to Ithaca, and is the location of the old turnpike or toll road, over which the Prophet

¹Similar use of the word "Town" applies in reference to Harmony, Pennsylvania, Colesville, and Manchester, New York. In each case these places are townships as we know them in the west.



The Lady shown in the picture marks the spot where stood the house occupied by the Whitmers. View is looking northeast.

Joseph Smith made his many trips to and from Harmony, Pennsylvania.

Possible doubt of the farm described being the one occupied by the Whitmers, nearly one hundred years ago, was dispelled by examination of the records on file in the County Court House, at Waterloo. The 100-acre farm was purchased by Peter Whitmer March 7, 1827, from Moses Miller for the sum of \$500 and was sold by Mr. Whitmer April 1, 1831, to Charles Stuart for \$2,200.²

The Whitmer farm is of historical interest to members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, because of the incidents which happened there:

1. Completion of the translation of the Book of Mormon, June, 1839.
2. The Three Witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris were shown the plates by an angel of the Lord.
3. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized as a command from the Lord, April 6, 1830.
4. First public discourse delivered by Oliver Cowdery, April 11, 1830.
5. First conference of the Church in this dispensation was held June 9, 1830.

²Transfers of the Peter Whitmer Farm: March 7, 1827, From Moses Miller to Peter Whitmer consideration \$500. (Book of Deeds S. p. 567). April 1, 1831, from Peter Whitmer to Charles Stuart for \$2200. (Book of Deeds W. p. 318). May 16, 1831, from Charles Stuart to John Deshler for \$2500. (Book of Deeds X, p. 25). May 2, 1870, from Heirs of John Deshler to William Hogan for \$9000 (Book of Deeds 79, p. 309). March 13, 1871 from William Hogan to John Tubbs for \$10,000. (Book of Deeds 81, p. 39). February 8, 1876, from John Tubbs to Jessie Snook for \$8000. (Book of Deeds 87, p. 561). March 25, 1908, from Heirs of Jessie Snook to Jacob Christler for \$6500. (Book of Deeds 125, p. 599). April 1, 1912, from Jacob Christler to Joseph H. Manges for \$1.00. (Book of Deeds 131, p. 425). Mr. Manges is the present owner and father-in-law of George Kime, the present operator.

6. Second conference of the Church was held September 26, 1830.
7. Revelation of the Book of Moses (Pearl of Great Price).
8. The following Sections of the Doctrine and Covenants were received at the Whitmer Farm: 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20(?), 21, 27 (fourth verse to end), 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40.

Ithaca, N. Y.

To Boys Eighteen

(April 6, 1917—April 6, 1924)

Seven years ago, as boys, you watched in wonder
 The giant maw of Death agape to fill;
 You heard the fife and drum, the cannon's thunder;
 Saw the young millions marching forth to kill.

At first the splendid romance quite beguiled you;
 With eager heart you fought each battle o'er,
 And, boasting somewhat, grieved when someone styled you
 Child, and too young even to think of war.

Then, one by one the older brothers leaving—
 Perhaps, you knew, to be deformed or killed—
 Left you to help a Mother hide her grieving,
 To fill a place that somehow must be filled.

Without a thought of self, forgetting glory,
 You turned your eyes down to the daily task.
 Proud in the telling of another's story,
 No other honor did you take or ask.

You comforted the Mother, brought glad tidings;
 You helped the lonely sister to have fun;
 And when upon the home gaunt Death came striding,
 All turned to you; you were the stalwart one!

Until your boyhood slipped from you unheeded;
 You stood a man, equal to man's estate,
 Ready to do the immediate thing, the needed,
 Yet seeing through the near, the ultimate.

For, unregarded, you had been regarding,
 Had silently been judging wrong and right,
 Had come to know when nations are discarding
 Traditions, patient care must displace might.

And now, Eighteen! with steadfast eyes on duty,
 But seeing past today, your vision far unfurled,
 Revering work, and temperance, and beauty,
 You are our pledges for a better world!

Neolin, Utah

CLIVE F. WOOLLEY BURT

LIFE'S VISIONS AND PURPOSES

A STUDY FOR THE ADVANCED SENIOR CLASS, M. I. A., 1923-24

BY PRESIDENT EMERITUS GEO. H. BRIMHALL AND DEAN HARRISON
V. HOYT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Lesson XXII—The Church as a Preserver of Spiritual Life

A. Questions and Problems for Members.

1. What is spiritual life?
2. How does spiritual life differ from spiritual existence?
3. What is spiritual death?
4. How does spiritual death differ from physical death?
5. Show how the Church provides against spiritual death in worship, in work, and in play.
6. What are the three great evidences of spiritual vigor?

B. Some Subject Matter.

Spiritual life is a condition of fellowship with the Spirit of the Lord. It is a condition of thirsting after righteousness and enjoying the thirst. It is the mind of man illuminated by the mind of God. It is the will of man joyously subordinating itself to the will of God. It is humanity co-operating with Divinity in the pursuit of happiness. Spiritual life is spiritual existence in action, lofty action. Spiritual existence may be a condition of simply enduring existence; spiritual life is always a state of enjoying existence. Spiritual life is always active; spiritual existence may be merely passive.

Spiritual death is spiritual estrangement from God. When the presence of the Lord became undesirable to Adam, and he was banished from Him he was no longer spiritually alive, though he existed as a spirit. Even more than a spirit, he existed as a soul—a spirit united with a body, needing a free-agency spiritual birth. See Pearl of Great Price, Moses 6:65-68; Book of Mormon, Alma 42:9.

The man's spiritual death consisted of, first, a condition in which the presence of the Lord was undesirable; and second, an official banishment from the presence of the Lord. (Doc. and Cov. 29:41.)

Spiritual death differs from physical death in that it consists of two acts: the self-estrangement of man from his Maker, and the official banishment of man from God; while physical death consists of the one act of separating the spirit of man from its tabernacle.

The spiritual death is overcome by faith, repentance, and the ordinance of baptism, and the physical death by the resurrection. Physical death was brought on by the eating of a fruit, and spiritual death was brought on by the disobedience of God's command. There is but one physical death; there may be more than one spiritual death.

Any form of disobedience to our Father in heaven creates estrangement from Him and is therefore one of the symptoms of a spiritual decline leading to spiritual death. We suffer spiritual blindness; *i. e.*, we cannot see God's ways as the best ways. We suffer spiritual deafness; *i. e.*, we cannot hear the voice of God as the voice of a friend, a loving Father. We suffer spiritual paralysis; *i. e.*, we become unable to feel the presence of his spirit in rapport with our own. Persistence in disobedience results in our becoming dead to "His righteousness" or the right from God's point of view, and then to his rejection of us as in the case of Saul, King of Israel.

The Church provides against spiritual death by letting us in through the door of obedience. It provides for habitual spiritual exercise in the form of individual and family prayer—which Communion with the Eternal is a form of eternal life. The Church provides for mass-movement spiritual exercise by frequent congregational gatherings. The Church puts on us spiritual responsibility which hangs heavy when we stand still, but lifts us when we go forward. Spiritual work for everybody and everybody at work is a group spiritual life. In the Church there is spiritual employment sufficient for all.

The Church flavors our temporal interests and activities with the spiritual. We care for our bodies in both obedience to the "Word of Wisdom," as well as thus meeting the requirements of the laws of health. We select food and ask God's blessing on it. Our marriages are made spiritual by our recognition of the divine authority of the Priesthood. Our homes are planned for convenience, furnished for comfort, and decorated for pleasure, but they are also dedicated as a place of welcome to the Spirit of the Lord.

The Church puts spiritual life into our recreation by doctrinal recognition, official supervision, and trained leadership.

Among the many evidences of spiritual vigor, three of the greatest ones are: Purity of life, "The pure in heart shall see God." Attention to spiritual duties—it is by doing the works that we obtain and retain our testimony of the truth of the gospel. Loyalty to spiritual leaders—that we have our mortal life and the blessings of the Priesthood is due to our pre-mortal valiancy in defending the authorities of heaven.

Thus the Church in "worship, work, and play" provides against spiritual death by furnishing ample spiritual activity to preserve spiritual life in the individual, the family, and the community.

C. Suggestive Topics for Teachers' Lecture.

1. The Spiritual-Life Side of Scout-Training or Bee-Hive Work.
2. The M. I. A. Slogan and Spiritual Life.
3. Unmistakable Evidences of Spiritual Decline.
4. The Sure Signs of Spiritual Vigor.

D. Class Discussion.

E. Social Period.

Lesson XXIII—The Church the Best Investment of Time, Energy and Means

A. Questions and Problems.

1. Show that joy is the object of all investments.
2. What are the specific joy-dividends derived from time spent in attendance at meetings?
3. What are the returns for performing official service in the Church at home?
4. What is the profit accumulating from investment of time, energy and means in a mission?
5. What are the gains to be derived from faithful ward teaching?
6. Discuss this proposition: Tithing is the best kind of insurance for the worst kind of a fire.
7. Discuss donations to the poor as a joy-loan to the Lord. (See Proverbs 19:17 also 28:27.)
8. Discuss the everlasting income derived from a contribution for the building of a temple.

9. Why make endowments for hospitals?
10. What compensation may be expected from the endowment of Church schools?

B. Teachers' Discussion (15 minutes).

C. Class Discussion.

D. Subject Matter to Aid in Preparation of Questions.

"Men are that they might have joy," and we have on the one extreme side those people who are indifferent to spiritual values and who seek financial independence as a means of bringing joy. On the other extreme, there are those who are indifferent to physical wealth and comfort, who look solely to the spiritual side of life as a means of bringing joy. The one looks, (a) to that which gratifies the physical and worldly ambitions, desires, and vanities; (b) to such things as social prominence, political power, indolence, ease, luxurious indulgence; (c) to things which are pretentious and adorn the body and pamper the vanities; (d) to things which do not extend or carry over to the life to come.

The other type of individual looks (a) to that joy which comes when the soul is triumphant over the body; (b) to that calm consciousness, satisfaction, peace and harmony of the soul which exist in the presence of gratitude, humility, self-abnegation, desire and even pain and persecution; (c) to that feeling which is manifested and inspired by the hymn "More holiness give me." The reward, in the one case, at best is for this mortal life, temporary, transitory. The reward in the other case extends beyond this mortal life to time and eternity.

Every meeting is a mass-movement—spiritual-life exercise. It is a spiritual festival to which everyone contributes to the feast and everyone partakes of the contributions. We take the best that is in us to our meetings, and partake of the best that is in our neighbors. As a rule we are at our best while there, and go away with that best made better. We may get a sermon over the radio but as yet we cannot get the close-contact communion which is possible where one is a part of a congregation.

The joy of being able to say: "I am about my Father's business;" the joy of achievement under divine authority; the growth of leadership—ability or increase of capacity to serve; the consciousness of drawing others toward you and with you; the multiplicity of friendships; the increase of love for others and love of others for you; the keeping up of that condition that makes it possible for one to say at the close of every day as God said at the end of each period of creation, "It is good," and to be able to declare as Paul did, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith;" the consciousness of having been valiant as a worker in the Church of Christ; all these are pay checks that will be honored at the office of the celestial kingdom.

Anything short of valiancy is terrestrial. See Doc. and Cov. 76:79.

There can scarcely be a worse fire than the fire of a guilty conscience. When we must meet God face to face, this fire will consume all financial pride, burn up our excuses, and blast our hopes of enjoying the presence of him with whom we have not been fair in our business relations. A good honest tithing record is an insurance against this everlasting scorching which is constantly eating away at our happiness. To say the least, peace of mind and practice in thrift are products of tithe-paying.

In answer to this question seven, read, recite, or sing:

"A poor wayfaring man of grief." See *L. D. S. Hymn Book*; also see Proverbs 19:17; and 28:27.

Temples are citadels of peace. They are gifts of good will to the race. They are the work shops where links of love are made to join heaven and earth for the living and the dead. There the keys are used which liberate the captives of sin and the chain is forged for binding Satan. A temple contribution makes one a benefactor of the dead, living, and unborn. The returns are the joy of helping and the gratitude of those who are helped.

It is said that health cannot be purchased, but he who endows a hospital purchases the facilities by which lost health may be recovered. He gives, that pain may be lessened and life extended. His pay is a consciousness of doing for others what they cannot do for themselves, a consciousness of being in a small way a savior. He is one whose money works for him after he has gone hence. Though dead, he still lives a good Samaritan.

To endow a school is to leave a perpetual legacy to a multitude, twenty-five generations of which come and live and go in a century, and each one better because a philanthropist lived who made the gracious gift for them.

Lesson XXIV—Class Reunion

See *Era* and *Journal*, for May, 1924.

Home Evening

Brightly the fire in the grate doth burn,
 'Tis Home Evening.
 Ever for thee each heart doth yearn,
 Dear Home Evening.
 'Tis then our thoughts from care are free,
 With joy we all look forth to thee
 The good in all things we can see,
 On Home Evening.

We think of neighbor's goodly turn,
 On Home Evening;
 Blessings to him we pray will come
 This Home Evening.
 "For what to least of these you've done,
 Ye have indeed done unto me."
 In part this is our Savior's creed,
 We learn tonight.

We talk of heavenly Father's care,
 Each Home Evening,
 We see his blessings everywhere,
 On Home Evening.
 We sing, recite, address, and play,
 From father down to Baby May;
 We have a right good time, I'll say,
 On Home Evening.

And when the program work is o'er,
 On Home Evening,
 We always look for something more,
 Each Home Evening.
 So from the pantry mother brings
 Some cakes, or pies, or doughnut-rings;
 Then off to bed we rush and sing,
 "Rah! Home Evening!"

Kirtland, New Mexico.

EDITH V. BIGLER.

RICKS COLLEGE LEADERSHIP WEEK

BY LELAND M. JORGENSEN

The second annual Leadership Week of the Ricks college was held Feb. 12 to 16. The many courses offered were all practical, of vital interest, and of sufficient variety to appeal to people in every walk of life. The Church and civic leaders of the upper Snake River valley took advantage of the opportunity, and all classes were packed to over-flowing. About 2,400 people attended.

The citizens of Rexburg provided free lodging to all visitors. People were met at the train by students and taken to the college in bob-sleighs. The Home Nursing girls tended the babies, so that the mothers might get the full value of the courses.

The general assemblies, held every afternoon, were crowded on all occasions. The speakers include such men as Dr. Adam S. Bennion, Supt. of Church Schools; Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Pres. of the Brigham Young University; Scout Executive Oscar A. Kirkham; Prof. Levi Edgar Young of the University of Utah; Dr. A. H. Upham, Pres. of the University of Idaho; Dean Iddings; Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve; and others. Supt. Bennion introduced the theme of the convention, which was carried throughout; "Moral and Social Leadership, and the Need of Religious Education."

The evening entertainments were very pleasant and instructive. Tuesday evening a get-acquainted mixer was held. Claude Cornwall, Field Secretary Y. M. M. I. A., and Emily Brinton handled the immense crowd in a very commendable manner. On Wednesday evening the Ricks College Music Department, Prof. Apollo Hansen, director, presented a very high class musical program featuring the cantata, "The Death of Minnehaha."

On Thursday afternoon was witnessed one of the fastest basket ball games ever played in Idaho. In this game the Ricks college defeated the fast Brigham Young college team, of Logan. Thursday evening Dr. Upham addressed the people on, "Our University." The evening entertainments closed Friday evening with a program, by the U. of I., and a social dance.

Among the special features of the school were: recreation, scouting, pageantry, and health work. Special speakers in these departments included Oscar A. Kirkham, Claude Cornwall, Emily Brinton, Joseph F. Smith, Jr., A. A. Anderson, Prof. E. H. Eastmond, Dr. Heber J. Sears, and others.

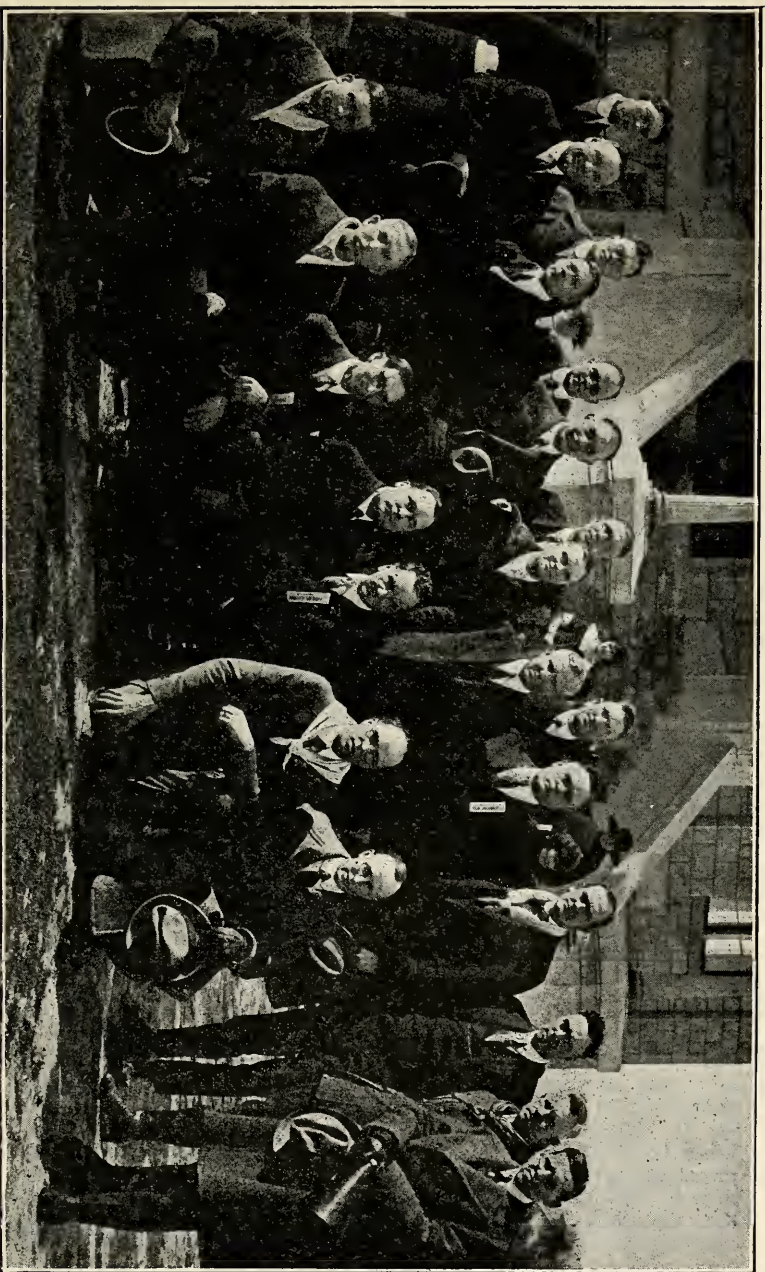
The Farm Life Institute conducted by the University of Idaho, under the direction of the Ricks Leadership Week, met with splendid success. The farmers of the upper Snake River valley responded in large numbers to take advantage of the valuable information presented by specialists of the University of Idaho. The U. of I. people expressed themselves as highly pleased with the response and cooperative spirit manifest.

The Ricks College faculty had charge of all departments. Thirty-five lecturers from outside the College faculty were engaged to participate in the department programs and general assemblies.

At 8 o'clock each morning the regular theological classes were held after which leadership classes were conducted hourly until noon. At 1:15 the general assembly convened at the tabernacle and lasted until 3 o'clock when classes convened again and continued until 5:30.

The Rexburg Commercial club co-operated with the College in making the week a big success.

Rexburg, Idaho.



A few of the speakers and lecturers at the Ricks College Leadership Week, February, 12-16, 1924, Rexburg, Idaho.

Kneeling left to right: Claude Cornwall, Dr. M. H. Knudsen, Prof. Geo. H. Maughn, Prof. E. H. Eastmond, Mr. Ross J. Comstock, Prof. Dilworth Walker, Dr. H. B. Rigby. Standing, first row: Pres. M. J. Kerr, Prof. H. E. Dale, Dr. A. H. Upham, Dr. Heber J. Sears, Dr. F. S. Harris, Pres. Geo. S. Romney, Oscar A. Kirkham, Coach C. P. Parker, A. A. Anderson, Scout Executives, Prof. Leland M. Jorgensen. Back row: Prof. Vincent, Prof. J. Lyman Smith, Prof. John Fisher, Dr. R. D. Erickson, Prof. Oswald Christensen.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Chorister's Manual—Lesson VII—Technique of the Baton

BY EDWARD P. KIMBALL

It should not be taught that the mere mastery of beating time intelligently is all there is to conducting. The baton is the chorister's wand by means of which he makes his desire known to his singers and accompanist, and he will do well to understand thoroughly its most effective use. It should also be kept in mind that after all, the personality "behind the stick" is the success or failure of the conductor's task, and while it must be acknowledged that many choristers are successful without much technical training in the uses of the baton, due in large part to their strong personal leadership, there are, at the same time, very few who could not improve the quality of their work, and that of their choirs, if they would give some attention to a few helps made use of by authorities in the art of conducting, beyond the simple routine of time-beating. As interpretation generally is so closely related to the use of the baton, and as such frequent reference to its employment will be made in the lessons on this subject to come later, only a few general principles which are in constant use will be projected in this lesson.

An Important Principle: The baton should usually not come to a perfect standstill at the points defining the beats; nor should it move in straight lines from one point to another, except in the case of the down-beat. The conductor should train his singers to know just what to expect from his beat. In the free and easy curve of the beat the singers must never be left in doubt as to the point which the conductor means to be "the beat," sometimes called the "bottom" of the beat. It will be noted that there is a more or less involuntary contraction of the arm muscles in anticipation of the beat, and a relaxation when the beat has passed the "bottom." It is this simple process which in most cases gives the singers their perception of the conductor's intention regarding his "beat." The chorister will do well to make up his own mind as to wherein his stroke he intends the "beat" to be indicated, and impart this intention to his singers, drilling them on passages for the acquirement of a perfect mutual understanding with relation to this important matter. To quote Gehrken's: "The real reason for sluggish rhythmic response and poor attacks is * * * more often to be laid at the door of a poorly executed beat, by the conductor, than to the stupidity of the chorus or orchestra."

The Attack: To secure a firm attack two things already mentioned are necessary, viz.: a preliminary movement of sufficient length and amply intelligible to be followed by the eye, in order to prepare the singers, and then a definite beat of which they understand the full purport. If the composition begins on the first beat of the measure, the chorister will hold the baton poised in full view of the singers. When ready to start he will raise it slightly, which will indicate a sort of preliminary back stroke preceding his down-beat, and then bring the baton down for the first beat, his singers understanding by previous drill just where in his stroke the "bottom" of the beat is. This action will never leave the singers in doubt as to the start. When beginning on a weak beat, the same slight preliminary part of the preceding beat should precede the beat upon which he desires to start the singers. The beat must always indicate the part of the measure upon which the composition begins, according to the accepted manner of beating time considered in the last lesson. If the composition begins on a note that is only part of a beat, the last beat should be given and then a slight extra beat to indicate the exact place of this "pick-up" note. In cases where good attack cannot be secured otherwise, it is well to beat out the preliminary

measure, particularly is this true where the short note is preceded by rests that fill out the measure. Singers should be taught to respond to the baton. To shout, "Now, ready, sing!" is, of course, out of place. Nor should it ever be necessary to rap the stand for attention, either at starting or during the rendition.

The Release: It is as difficult to secure a perfect release as an attack, and drill is necessary here. The movement for release is usually a down stroke to right or left, and is preceded by such a slight preliminary stroke as described above for attack. The final chord is not always beaten out, but the baton is held poised before the sign for release is given, allowing the beats to pass mentally, or relying on one's sense of completeness to finish properly. An exception to this, however, is in case there are figures in the accompaniment which must go on. Care should be taken that the accompanist is not led to think that the poised baton indicates a hold, but he should have the time indicated with the conductor's other hand, so that a uniform release may be made by choir and accompanist. It might be well here to remind choristers that releases should always come at the *end* of the note values, and nowhere else.

The hold or fermata: Remarks made above are applicable here. The cut-off stroke will be influenced by the beat of the measure on which the hold occurs. It should be done in such way as will indicate the release, and make it possible to go on with the next beat with its proper stroke, so that no one is left in doubt as to the place in the measure the next note occupies. If there are notes in the accompanist or voice parts that do not come to the hold simultaneously these should be led to the position of rest in the same manner as indicated on the paragraph above.

Non-measured Music, Chants: Though used infrequently in our Church, the chorister has occasion to use it sometimes. While there is no generally accepted way of conducting this style of music, the singers may be held together by indicating the first of each line, or a slight accent over every strong syllable, or by following the lips of the conductor. The success will depend on the conductor developing that means which is most intelligible to the singers.

Conclusion: Any knowledge, to be valuable and of service, must be applied. The chorister must drill himself in the use of the baton, and then drill the choir *with* himself, so that they understand his intentions, and he learn to secure by his baton any and all results he may desire to accomplish.

Music

"Though cheerfulness and I have long been strangers,
Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me;
There's sure no passion in the human soul
But finds its food in music"—Lillo.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast
To soften rocks, and bend the Knotted Oak"—Congreve.

"M" Men's Inter-stake Trophy

The "M" Men's inter-stake trophy of the stakes of Salt Lake county was won by Ensign stake, the boys of the Eleventh ward being the winners, at a highly contested tournament held in the early part of March. To celebrate this victory a gathering of the "M" Men of the stake with their fathers was held in Whitney Hall on the evening of March 11. The trophy, a beautiful cup, was donated by Col. Joseph J. Daynes. Quite a number of games were indulged in and the program was gotten up with a view to breaking down the barrier which usually exists between fathers and sons.

Editors' Table

The Resurrection

At the coming of Easter, and the Spring time, one's thoughts naturally turn to the resurrection. One of the most consoling principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, though mentioned by Paul next to the Judgment, which is named last, (Hebrews 6:1,2), is the resurrection. Though not very clear on this subject there are many quotations in the Old Testament which give us to understand that the spirit is immortal, and that the body is essential to the future life of man; hence, the body must be restored.

The doctrine of the resurrection in the Old Testament seems to have had a slow and hesitating development in the minds of the people. Nevertheless, in Daniel 12:2, it is apparent that the resurrection of the body was declared, as also in Job (19:25-28), which book is among the oldest literature of the Bible; and in Hosea (13:14), the promise is made: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death." This promise probably refers to the ultimate national restoration and blessing of Israel in the kingdom of God, and not to the resurrection of the individual. But individual resurrection is doubtless referred to by Isaiah (26:19) when he exclaimed: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." Belief in the destruction of the existence of the individual was not therefore generally adopted, if we bar certain exceptions, as in Ecclesiastes 3:8-22 where the preacher, in dilating on the weary round of life, declares all things vain. The spirit was believed to subsist after the breath of life had been withdrawn from the body, and the immortality of the spirit (Genesis 2:7) was held as an instinctive faith from which sprang the belief in the resurrection of the body and that death was not the final goal.

This faith is intensified, established and enlarged by the resurrection of Jesus Christ which assured men of what seems to have been until then a mere hope, perhaps imperfectly supported by scriptural warrant, and hence contested by the Sadducees. His resurrection raised, emphasized and enlarged that hope (Peter 1:3): "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." His resurrection meant entry into an entirely new phase of existence—not like that of Lazarus, who was risen with a body subject to all previous conditions, but an existence where men will be the children of the resurrection and can die no more. (Luke 20:36.)

The body of Jesus Christ was the same which he had before death, but when he had risen it was made clear some way, somehow, that his body was released from a number of material conditions unto which it had been before subject, for apparently he passed through closed doors, (John:20:26), he could be present at different places at short intervals of time (Luke 24:15, 34-36); and, though the same body, it was so different as to delay or hinder recognition (Mark 16:12; Luke 24:16,31; John 20:11,14; 21:4).

Further, his arising from the grave brought the doctrine of the resurrection from the background of religious thought to the very front. The gospel of Jesus Christ demanded and demands acceptance on the grounds of his resurrection, declares him to be the son of God (Acts 9:20; Romans 1:4), and sets the final seal of divine acceptance on his teachings and life. The gospel which the apostles preached was the gospel of the resurrection (Acts 3:15; 4:2); and, in fact, a confession of Jesus Christ and faith in his resurrection, with the implied works and righteous living, are necessary conditions for salvation (Romans 10:9; 6:4,5,6; Colossians 2:12; 3:1).

The Latter-day Saints believe implicitly in the literal bodily resurrection of Jesus Christ as set forth in the holy scriptures, in the accounts given in the gospels. (Matthew 28; Mark 16; Luke 24; John 20 and 21.) We believe that Jesus Christ is the true type of the resurrection of all men from death unto life. As he arose from the dead, so it will be with every son and daughter of Adam brought into the world. The identity of the individual will not be lost, and just as surely as Jesus was resurrected and brought from death to life again, will the life and the resurrection from death to life again come upon all children of Adam. Jesus Christ redeemed man from temporal death and saved him from spiritual death; provided, man shall repent of his sins and obey the gospel of our Lord and Savior.

Our resurrection will be on the pattern, so to speak, of Christ's, we shall be like him (1 John 3:2,3). His resurrection answers all doubts as to the possibility of resurrection for us; and, too, it answers sufficiently all questions in which those doubts express themselves: as to how, and wherewith. Some have expressed the idea that in one respect the parallel between his resurrection and ours appears to fail or not to apply, and that is in the reanimation of a body not decayed, as was his; and the raising up of a body which has to be reconstituted, as will be the case in all others who pass away, (with the exception, perhaps, of those who in the last day shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye). A little thought will convince one that the difference is not of great weight, for the change which came to Jesus Christ must have been of so fundamental a character that, while his outward identity was preserved, the natural body had given place to an eternal one, a redeemed one, (Rom. 8:23) in likeness of the old, yet wholly different from the one laid in the grave, containing only its essential parts.

Speculations, from time to time, are indulged in concerning how

the resurrection shall take place, but it is no denial of faith to declare, as we must, that this we do not know; but this we do know, that as He arose from the dead, so shall all men arise from the grave, for we shall be like him in all respects, and our faith in eternal life and in the joining of the spirit and the body to make the living soul, we declare shall take place, that man may have a fulness of joy, (Doc. & Cov. 93:33.) But how, we may not know. It is a mystery, and since we have so many mysteries that we cannot solve, but which we take for granted, even life itself, the universe, and the wonderful laws of nature and of nature's God, that are yet unsolved, but in which we have faith, so likewise, we have faith in the resurrection of the body, and in the joining of the spirit with that body, in the form and likeness now existing.

President Chas. W. Penrose in a recent sermon delivered on the 2nd of March, 1924; in the Eighteenth ward chapel, gave answer to this objection in the following words:

"Now I want to say to you brethren and sisters, that the resurrection is a part of the gospel. Christ died, and he presented his appearance before his disciples in his body. It was the same body, to all appearance that he had when it was put down in the tomb, but it was not subject to dissolution. Death had no real dominion over it. It was quickened after the power of an endless life, and so it will be with ours when we are raised from the dead, and we will be quickened with the glory of which we will be made partakers, celestial, terrestrial, telestial. How, I do not know. I do not pretend to know. I do not try to know. Because there is no way for me to know. But I do know that the resurrection of the dead is as sure as our life here on the earth. The resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul, and through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, we shall receive our redemption, every one in our own order; Christ the first fruits, afterwards those who are Christ's at his coming. * * * 'Then cometh the end,' and all will be judged according to the deeds done in the body, good, bad or indifferent, and all our good efforts made while we dwelt in the flesh—all the efforts we have made to conquer our body, to bring it into subjection, to make it as the Lord would have it to be, and to live as he would have us live, all *that* will be of essential benefit to us in the resurrection from the dead; for we will be what we are, what we actually are, not what the people think of us, what they say of us, but what we actually are; and therefore the lesson is. Fear God, keep his commandments, walk in his ways, obey his gospel, cleave close to it, live in the spirit of it. Take it in to your homes. It will be in your heart, it will guide you in every deed."

God of our fathers, give us faith in Christ and in his resurrection, that with him and his ransomed we may obtain eternal joy and gladness with our loved ones, in the mansions he has prepared for the faithful, where sorrow and sighing shall flee away and there shall be no parting forevermore.—A.

The Negro and the Priesthood

The question arises from time to time in regard to the negro race and the Priesthood. Such a question has been received and the

writer says: "The belief prevails to a considerable extent that when the plan of redemption was laid before the spiritual hosts in heaven, that one-third remained neutral, also that from this source the negro race sprung. Are there any scriptural proofs, that will substantiate such a belief?"

We know of no scripture, ancient or modern, that declares that at the time of the rebellion in heaven that one-third of the hosts of heaven remained neutral. This thought has developed from the fact that the Lord states that one-third of the hosts of heaven rebelled and were cast out with Lucifer and became the devil and his angels. Doc. and Cov. 29:36-38.

It is true that the negro race is barred from holding the Priesthood, and this has always been the case. The Prophet Joseph Smith taught this doctrine, and it was made known to him, although we know of no such statement in any revelation in the Doctrine and Covenants, Book of Mormon, or the Bible. However, in the Pearl of Great Price, we find the following statement written by Abraham: "Now this first government of Egypt was established by Pharaoh, the eldest son of Egyptus, the daughter of Ham, and it was after the manner of the government of Ham, which was patriarchal. Pharaoh, being a righteous man, established his kingdom and judged his people wisely and justly all his days, seeking earnestly to imitate that order established by the fathers in the first generations, in the days of the first patriarchal reign, even in the reign of Adam, and also of Noah, his father, who blessed him with the blessings of the earth, and with the blessings of wisdom, but cursed him as pertaining to the Priesthood." Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 1:25-26.

President Brigham Young, in a discourse given in 1855, speaking of the negro said: "It is their privilege to live so as to enjoy many of the blessings which attend obedience to the first principles of the gospel, though they are not entitled to the Priesthood." Journal of Discourses, 2:184.

That one-third of the hosts of heaven remained neutral and therefore were cursed by having a black skin, could hardly be true, for the negro race has not constituted one-third of the inhabitants of the earth.

It is a reasonable thing to believe that the spirits of the pre-mortal state were of varying degrees of intelligence and faithfulness. This thought is conveyed in many passages of scripture, such as Acts 17:24-27; Deuteronomy 32:8; Abraham 3:19-26. However, to dwell upon this topic and point out certain nations as having been cursed because of their acts in the pre-existence, enters too much on the realm of speculation. Therefore, let it suffice that the negro is barred from the Priesthood and the reason some day we may understand.—*Joseph Fielding Smith.*

Books

The Founding of Utah, by Levi Edgar Young, head of the department of western history, University of Utah, Charles Scribner's Sons, price \$1.50.

This book is a study of the founding of the state of Utah, and the author has kept strictly to pioneer days with a view of letting the reader obtain some conception of what the founders of Utah went through to redeem the soil and to build homes and school houses. The author has succeeded admirably in accomplishing this purpose and his book of 445 pages serves as a most fascinating introduction to the later history of the state of Utah, and the development of the great west surrounding. The book is somewhat different from other histories in that it does not give a connected story of the state down to the present time; but rather presents a series of stories headed in chapters treating the principal economic and social factors of the state's early history. It is a readable, entertaining, instructive, and charming collection of facts tending to stimulate a love for the pioneers, whose work developed the fields and industries of our wonderful state. It is a book which the citizens of the surrounding states will take as much interest in reading as the citizens of Utah from the fact that it deals with a period in Utah's history when this state was the nucleus from which went out the settlers of practically every surrounding state. Their children and children's children are still interested in the struggles of the pioneers who first settled in the Salt Lake Valley whose descendants largely they are.

The book is divided into four parts entitled, "The Land of the People of Long Ago," "The Colonizing of Utah," "The Struggle For Education," and "The Old Freighting Days;" and the forty chapters into which these captions are divided are replete with thrilling stories of the fur traders, the Wasatch mountains, hand-cart companies, the great migrations to the west, the first company of pioneers, the schools, amusements and art and the writers and journalists, of early days, closing with the stage coach and ox team days, the pony express and other methods of mail delivery, and finally, the railroads, and Utah today. It is a book whose stories the young people of our time may sit down by their firesides and thoroughly enjoy.

The *Chicago Evening Post* says that the book is "not only a fine piece of historical writing, but a marvel in character delineation." Dr. Franklin Henry Giddings, of Columbia University, writes to Professor Young: "You have certainly made a most suggestive study of social forces and productions of Utah, and a fascinating story as well." Dr. Edward Channing, of Harvard, says: "I think you have done a good bit of work and the book should be put into every school of Utah." The *Journal of Education*, Boston, says: "It is the first adequate story of Utah's beginning that is neither over-shipful of the religion of the fathers or in nowise critical thereof. It is as important a service to American history as it is to western history."—A.

Books received: *Applied Character Analysis*, John T. Miller, editor *Character Builder*, Psychological Laboratory of the Vocational Guidance Bureau, Los Angeles, California, the Gorham Press, Boston.

Hidden Heroes of the Rockies, a pre-pioneer history of Utah and the west, by Isaac K. Russell and Howard R. Driggs, World Book Co., Chicago.

These will receive further notice in the May number of the *Era*.

Priesthood Quorums

Home Evening

One of the leading topics of a recent meeting of the presiding authorities, high council and bishops of the Granite stake of Zion was the emphasis given to the observance of Home Evening, a requirements that has been made of the Saints in that stake for many years. Every family in that stake is requested to call the members together on Monday of each week to spend the evening in instruction, entertainment, recreation, songs, music, games and general family association. It was stated that the possibilities of the program at this home evening gives an unparalleled opportunity:

1. To parents to teach the gospel to their children.
2. To discuss profitably family government and family affairs.
3. To discover and improve the talents of the respective members of the family by affording opportunity for expression and development at these meetings.
4. To increase and maintain common interests and a closer understanding between all members of the family by joint consideration of common, or even of individual matters. Common experiences in thought and action tend to knit the lives of the family closer together and to narrow the gap of misunderstanding that may exist between father and son and other members of the household.
5. To promote love in the home.
6. To combat "idleness, ignorance and vulgarity," the dangerous enemies of youth and of all ages, with habits of industry, learning and virtue.
7. To promote recreation in the home.
8. To help in general terms, make the family successful by consideration of any and all matters pertaining to their welfare.
9. To increase cooperation among members of the family, and for all worthy institutions and movements without.
10. To cultivate the spirit of the Lord in the hearts and homes of the members.
11. To implant faith in God and men, and create interest in his great latter-day work.
12. To build up the home that it may be a power in elevating mankind.
13. To teach children respect for parents, and parents for children, and to teach all to have respect for one another, and for the community, and the Church.
14. To consider frequently and effectively, stating it in a summary, as a family group, the biggest of all life's problems—the problem of correct living.

To make the Home Evening successful it was suggested that the supervision be assigned to those in charge of ward teaching, and that a suggestive program be prepared by the stake high council committee for the meetings, and that the movement be given recognition and encouragement in the Sacrament meetings, at the stake Priesthood and conference meetings, and at the stake and ward meetings of those who supervise ward teaching.

The following instructions were suggested for the parents:

1. Read frequently the instructions of the First Presidency to presidents of stakes, bishops and parents in Zion, on Home Evening, on page 157-8, *Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook*, 5th edition.
2. Observe Monday evening as Home Evening.
3. Start the exercises at 7 o'clock in the winter, and 8 o'clock in the summer, unless some other hour suits you better. Begin promptly.

4. Use the program offered by the Stake committee. If you miss a meeting go on to the program outlined for the next meeting.
5. Assign topics one week ahead.
6. Get the younger members to take some of the initiative. Distribute the responsibility of these meetings among all. See that all take part. Each member, or two members, might take turns in arranging.
 - A. The program.
 - B. The refreshments.
 - C. The recreation, and then rotate. Experience will determine the best way. Father and Mother should be well prepared.
7. Follow this or some other definite outline:
 - I. Class Period—Time—30 minutes to one hour.
 - A. Present and discuss the subject of the evening.
 - B. Discuss briefly any business that you wish to bring before the family
 - II. Recreation Period—Time 30 minutes to one hour.
 - A. Give members of the family opportunity for expression, in music, story telling, reading, dancing, and any other desirable activity, either now or at some other time during the evening. Start your meeting with singing. Either open or close with prayer, both if you think best.
 - B. Light refreshments.
 - C. Games, dancing or any form of suitable entertainment.
8. Bring in outside help, at times, a person to talk on the subject in hand, an expert on recreation, some available person who, you think, will make your meeting more interesting and profitable. This need not be done very often.
9. Once in a while, arrange to meet with the family of a kindly neighbor or relative, either for a joint program or a program rendered by one of the families. This will make for variety and secure a larger audience, thus adding to the experience of those who take part on the program.
10. Occasionally invite some guests.
11. See that the evening's program is faith-promoting, and that a religious atmosphere pervades the meeting.
12. Be sure that good feeling precedes the meeting, and that the meeting is made enjoyable.
13. Emphasize Home Evening.
 - A. By definite preparation for the meeting.
 - B. By making Monday an important day:
 1. A day of good cheer. Lay aside your troubles. Be optimistic. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the gospel of optimism, of good cheer.
 2. A good turn day, when each member of the family does a special good turn to another, when the parents pay particular attention to their children, and the children are especially mindful of the wishes of their parents, when the father is solicitous of the happiness of the mother, and *vice-versa*, and when brothers and sisters seek to please one another.
 3. A religious day. With the blessings of the Sabbath fresh upon your heads, make Monday a religious day—a day for increasing the happiness of others—for making the world better. Charged with the teachings and inspirations of the Holy Day try to make Monday a special day for righteous endeavor, for starting the week with greater promise of worthy achievement. Turn the theories and teachings of yesterday into practice, into living action, and

- thus make of the first week-day a second Sabbath. Make Home Evening a memorable occasion—a fitting climax to a glorious day.
4. Let nothing interfere with Home Evening, for nothing can take its place. Give it always the right of way, for it is a golden opportunity to discharge a sacred obligation to your children. If you are negligent, your sin will lie heavy at your door, or if, happily, you are diligent, as we believe you will be, your joys with your loved ones will be great, your reward will be glorious and eternal.

Helps in Ward Teaching

Ward teachers should receive considerable help in their duties from the following suggestive guide which has been prepared by the Priesthood committee of the Council of the Twelve and was forwarded to stake presidents by President Rudger Clawson in behalf of the Council. It was intended to be helpful to officers giving a demonstration of ward teaching in the priesthood conventions held throughout the Church in connection with the quarterly stake conferences in the first quarter of 1924. The experiment of holding a demonstration has proved very gratifying and undoubtedly a greater measure of efficiency will attend the labors of ward teachers from now on. Excellent suggestions were brought out in these various demonstrations, both from the people who held the demonstrations and from the general authorities who visited the conferences, all having a tendency to constructive work in the betterment of ward teaching throughout the Church—among the most important work that can be undertaken. The instructions are divided into two parts, (a) the preparation of the teachers for the visit here outlined, (b) the visit itself, with the suggestions following:

- A. Preparation of teachers for the visit.
 1. Consideration of available information concerning the family.
 - a. From ward records.
 - b. From bishop.
 - c. From acquaintances if deemed necessary.
 2. Consideration of the presentation of the monthly message where one is assigned.
 3. Assignment of responsibility in the conduct of the visit.
- B. The visit itself.
 1. Time—convenience of family.
 2. Greeting.
 3. Gathering of the family.
 4. Tactful statement of the purpose of visit.
 5. Prayer (if deemed wise at this point, or if preferred at the close).
 6. Presentation of the message.
 7. Discussion.
 8. Questions in application of message.
 9. Tactful inquiries concerning
 - a. Feeling toward Church.
 - b. Support of authorities.
 - c. Observance of the Sabbath.
 - d. Observance of the Word of Wisdom.
 - e. Family prayer.
 - f. Individual prayers.
 - g. Tithing.
 - h. Fast offerings.
 - i. Missionary service, particularly if family has missionary away.
 - j. Activities of family in church organizations.
 - k. Harmony of family.

Special Missionary Work

A special missionary group of Alberta stake taken by George Ed. Anderson of Springville, Utah, at the office of President Edward J. Wood of Cardston, Alberta, Canada. With faith and works a body of earnest



men, such as these, sent among the people, should have a marvelous influence for good in the community in which they labor, and their example and living should be an impetus for all with whom they come in contact to order their lives in conformity with the gospel of Jesus Christ.

From Far-away Rumania

Mrs. Vinnie B. Drader whose husband visited Salt Lake City two years ago and accompanied Elder Joseph S. Peery on an after-recital tour of the temple grounds, writes from Pacureti, Rumania, January 13, 1924, that since that time she and her husband have been in that country and desired to obtain the *Improvement Era*, since they have at present nothing to keep them in touch with the Church or its activities. She concludes her letter by saying: "Wine-soaked Europe! May the Latter-day Saints appreciate and keep the Word of Wisdom. Here I have seen a child of eighteen-months given a large glass of liquor at every meal and the father drink ten of them. This isn't unusual, but occurs three times a day in every peasant's home. If there isn't enough money for both bread and drink, they do without bread. The result is an undersized race with feeble constitution and mentality, and still weaker morals."

Ninety-fourth Annual Conference

The 94th annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, will convene in Salt Lake City, April 4, 5 and 6, 1924, with the opening session at 10 o'clock in the Tabernacle.

Mutual Work

Fremont Stake Scores 100%

The stake and ward officers of Fremont stake made a special effort to make January an ideal M. I. A. month, and, as a result scored 100%. Our stake is comprised of 13 wards with a total church population of 6, 860. We have 808 young men enrolled, with an average attendance of 549. Thirty-nine are life members. The scout work and the M men organizations are thriving, as are all the other departments.—*Oswald Christensen, Stake Superintendent.*

Two New Councils

Organization of two new boy scout councils in Utah took definite form Feb. 23, with announcement that Golden Kilburn of Ogden has been chosen scout executive for the region embracing southwestern Utah and eastern Nevada. Mr. Kilburn has received a communication from Charles N. Miller, regional executive at Los Angeles, notifying him of his appointment effective March 1. At the same time William B. Hawkins of Logan, was appointed scout executive for the additional council in the southeastern part of the state.

Fathers and Sons' Banquet

Floyd Kirby of Delta, Utah, reports that the M Club of the Y. M. M. I. A. gave a banquet in honor of the fathers, January 19, at that place. A rich program was presented and the club pins were awarded to ten members. There were thirty-four sons and fathers present. A very pleasant evening was spent.

"The Sirrom"

A new publication, edited by Harold H. Jensen and Lida Harmer, has come to the *Improvement Era* table. It is the official organ of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Salt Lake stake. The object of the new publication is to disseminate news of the ward Mutuals and messages of the stake officers of the associations. It is full of lively notes concerning the work of the organization in that stake.

Acceptable Movies

The Committee on Recreation have previewed the following pictures and find them suitable for exhibition in the wards:

A Doll's House, Alla Nazimova—7 reels

A fine production from Henrick Ibsen's play, carrying an exceptionally strong appeal to women. A picture for adults, though nothing objectionable in it for children. Has a tremendously strong human interest. A classical production with good logic.

T. Haviland Hicks—3reels.

Theme is the perennial contest between freshmen and sophomores—amusing and refreshing. Many humorous and unexpected situations give it unusual interest for both old and young.

Orphans of the Storm—Gish sisters—12 reels.

A story of the French Revolution, from the play, "The Two Orphans," by Kate Claxton. A fine historical and classical production, possessing splendid

entertainment value. Primarily adapted for adult audiences and boys and girls of high school age. It is not adapted for children below the age of 12 years.

The Nut, Douglas Fairbanks—6 reels.

A good comedy and entertainment for children and adults, in which Douglas Fairbanks plays an unusual role.

The Halfback—3 reels.

A comedy portraying college life. A ridiculed farmer's boy enters college and works his way to the top in class and athletic activities,—full of pep, fun and action.



A Class in Scouting—Ricks College Leadership Week, Rexburg, Idaho.

Monthly Message to the "M" Men

BY THOMAS A. BEAL, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD

XVI—"Unity for Service"

This is the motto of one of the national clubs, and a very good motto, too, for it contains great truths in a few words. Unity for service means concord, harmony and agreement in the performance of labor for others. There are many good mottos. The rise of the individual is seen today in the nation's motto: "A nation cannot exist half slave and half free." To accomplish any definite purpose there must be unity. There is an old saying that "in unity there is strength," and it is just as true as when first uttered. The greatest things in this world are accomplished where there is "Unity for Service." After all, much of our reward hereafter will depend upon our service to mankind—what we help to do for others—for the good of humanity. The one who does his full share will be blessed, at least with a clear conscience. The reward for service rendered is a satisfaction unobtainable otherwise. The happiness we get from helping others is unparalleled, and the world is made better for such service. To give is better than to receive, and he who gives of his time, his talents and his wealth to make life happier for someone else is really a benefactor to mankind. Standards of business morality and service must be established between nations, as between individuals, and put into operation before we can have industrial peace and unity. More of the Golden Rule must be applied everywhere and especially is this true in business. Selfishness is distasteful to everyone though it is often exhibited by many. If mankind could overcome selfishness, could do for others as they would be

done by, the world would not be one of strife and struggle and force. It is because nations, like individuals, have not overcome their selfishness and hatred that the world is in turmoil much of the time. An ancient philosopher once said: "Hatred cannot be overcome by hatred," and that is as true now as then. Only by love of service for others, rather than by exploitation of others' service, can the world be brought to a unity. The one who can give his services in unity with others has much more liberty than the one who is subject to the dictates of others. And this is true with nations, too, as with individuals. Service in unity with others is given free and no slavery is attached to it, neither is the hope of reward nor stipend other than the satisfaction of a worthy purpose.

The advance that has been made in the United States, as compared with other countries, has been due largely to our motto, *E. Pluribus Unum*—one composed of many—or unity. Lincoln's vision moved him to say, "This is a country of the people, by the people, and for the people," and on that motto we have prospered as a nation.

The M Men have an excellent opportunity for putting into practice the motto "Unity for Service." If you expect, young men, to accomplish the purpose for which the M Men organization was created, there must be concord and agreement among you for the performance of mutual work in the broadest sense of that term.

Two M. I. A. Organizations in East Pennsylvania

John A. Clark, president of the East Pennsylvania conference, reports that: "At the present time we have two complete organizations of the Mutual Improvement Association perfected and both are doing a splendid work."



Elders, left to right, back row: Harold Holt, Clearfield; Hugo B. Ensign, Logan; Joseph W. Neville, Salt Lake City; John A. Clark, conference president, Oakley, Idaho; Margaret Holmes, Raymond, Canada. Front row: Roland S. Miller, Provo; Ima Lundeborg, Gunnison; Rhoda Poulson, Provo; Evan H. Bankhead, Wellsville, Utah; Nettie Miller, St. David, Arizona; Frank S. Shelley, American Fork; and Alvin R. Dyer, Salt Lake City.

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, February, 1924

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"E-a"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	Stake and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Mtrs. or T.-T. Classes	Total
Bear River.....	10	6	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	8	94
Beaver	10	10	8	8	7	7	9	10	5	5	79
Benson	10	6	9	6	10	10	9	9	9	6	84
Box Elder.....	10	7	10	9	10	10	8	10	9		93
Cache	10	6	9	10	10	10	5	9	10	10	89
Carbon	10	6	8	7	7	6	6	7	8	7	72
Cottonwood ..	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	7	94
Deseret	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	6	4	81
Duchesne	10	10	6	4	10	5	7	10	10	7	79
Emery	10	10	8	5	9	4	5	9	8	8	76
Ensign	6	10	10	10	9	8	8	10	10	10	91
Garfield	6	5	4	3	5	3	3	5	1	3	38
Granite	8	10	10	9	10	9	7	9	10	8	90
Gunnison	10	8	7	4	10	8	9	10	7	7	80
Hyrum	10	7	8	10	10	8	10	8	10	8	89
Jordan	10	10	9	8	10	7	7	9	9	5	84
Juab	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Kanab	10	9	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	10	89
Liberty	9	9	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	10	96
Logan	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	99
Morgan	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	4	92
Mount Ogden ..	9	9	7	8	10	10	8	10	8	8	87
Nebo	10	7	7	10	8	7	6	8	8	4	75
North Davis....	9	6	8	10	9	9	10	10	10	8	89
North Sanpete..	9	10	9	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	96
North Weber ..	10	8	6	6	10	9	8	8	10	8	83
Ogden	6	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	91
Parowan	10	7	10	10	10	10	6	10	6	6	85
Pioneer	9	10	10	6	10	10	8	9	10	9	91
Roosevelt	10	10	9	6	10	9	10	10	9	8	91
St. George.....	10	7	7	6	9	7	8	7	2	3	66
Salt Lake.....	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	96
San Juan	9	10	8	10	8	7	6	8	8	4	78
Sevier	9	8	10	4	10	9	9	10	8	9	86
South Davis....	10	9	10	6	10	10	7	10	10	10	92
South Sanpete..	10	9	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	94
South Sevier....	10	5	5	1	7	4	5	7	7	5	56
Summit	10	9	6	7	9	8	9	9	8	5	80
Uintah	7	6	10	10	10	5	6	9	8	7	78
Wayne	7	5	7	2	9	3	2	3	2	1	41
Weber	9	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	97
Bannock	10	6	4	3	3	6	5	6	7	2	52
Bear Lake	10	10	10	10	10	7	8	9	8	5	87
Bingham	9	9	8	8	9	8	8	9	10	6	84
Blackfoot	10	6	8	6	10	9	8	10	10	6	83
Blaine	4	6	7	4	7	3	7	9	5	5	57
Cassia	10	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	7	8	92
Curlew	10	6	7	3	8	10	10	10	5	2	71
Franklin	10	5	8	6	9	10	10	9	9	6	82
Fremont	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	95
Idaho	10	10	8	6	8	9	10	9	7	5	82
Lost River.....	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	8	6	89
Malad	10	7	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	94
Montpelier	8	6	6	2	7	7	6	6	6	5	59
Oneida	10	8	9	7	9	8	9	10	9	6	85

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report (Continued)

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	State and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Migs. or Teacher-T. Classes	Total
Pocatello	10	5	8	5	8	7	10	8		6	67
Rigby	9	10	6	6	10	8	10	9	7	5	80
Twin Falls	9	7	7	4	1	5	7	7	3	2	61
Yellowstone	10	10	4	5	7	5	6	8	7	4	66
Alberta	10	9	8	7	10	8	7	9	9	7	84
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	8	97
Los Angeles	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10		89
Maricopa	10	6	9	6	10	10	9	9	10	10	89
Moapa	10	4	10	8	10	8	9	10	9	5	83
St. Joseph	10	5	10	7	9	9	8	10	6	7	81
Snowflake	10	9	8	6	10	8	4	10	5	5	75
Star Valley	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	93
Taylor	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	97
Union	10	10	10	7	10	10	8	10	10	9	94
Woodruff	9	5	6	4	6	6	4	10		7	57

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, February, 1924

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Bear River	488	12	12	99	206	170	188	663	88	100	80	107	375
Beaver	289	5	5	41	72	63	106	282	34	60	53	99	246
Benson	562	13	13	103	200	183	223	709	83	65	112	151	411
Box Elder	797	13	13	103	308	171	258	840	79	171	100	151	501
Cache	520	8	7	83	78	184	236	581	55	33	97	157	342
Carbon	360	10	9	59	156	156	164	535	45	79	67	104	295
Cottonwood	673	10	10	102	118	219	291	730	74	50	130	199	455
Deseret	418	11	10	80	198	95	143	516	51	118	107	100	376
Duchesne	300	13	12	96	72	66	76	310	70	60	55	69	254
Emery	555	11	9	67	71	206	215	559	43	48	146	163	400
Ensign	981	7	7	59	108	202	266	635	53	48	90	231	422
Garfield	271	8	4	21	15	90	59	185	13	6	42	26	90
Granite	1950	16	16	168	189	353	667	1377	141	90	245	487	963
Gunnison	283	7	7	47	92	99	108	346	32	45	51	55	183
Hyrum	500	10	10	85	119	141	175	520	62	53	80	98	293
Jordan	545	16	11	89	149	141	264	634	129	106	163	217	615
Juab	354	5	5	45	107	103	140	395	40	65	62	108	275
Kanab	222	6	6	48	102	51	90	291					
Liberty	1211	11	11	108	252	312	508	1180	94	151	179	358	782
Logan	608	11	11	117	122	162	255	656	91	73	102	187	453
Morgan	204	8	8		97	73	74	244		64	52	69	185
Mount Ogden	529	6	6	46	109	135	199	489	38	52	85	105	280
Nebo	972	15	12	125	234	261	371	991	71	79	100	195	445
North Davis	449	8	7	67	64	112	180	423	42	23	60	112	237
North Sanpete	764	10	10	81	111	224	321	737	63	68	163	224	518
North Weber	686	17	17	140	70	249	297	756	93	29	118	165	405
Ogden	1096	10	10	87	120	241	246	694	66	69	132	166	423
Parowan	470	8	8	59	138	92	206	495	40	73	48	121	282
Pioneer	760	10	10	91	92	211	240	634	76	48	129	157	410

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report (Continued)

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Roosevelt	304	14	11	86	80	107	121	394	61	53	70	80	264
St. George	654	15	14	114	239	233	257	843	74	98	110	156	438
Salt Lake	1078	12	12	129	113	170	336	748	103	61	104	266	534
San Juan	220	5	4	29	52	48	64	193	24	34	41	36	135
Sevier	366	6	6	52	84	90	126	352	32	52	39	77	200
South Davis	499	8	8	69	77	137	213	496	45	42	82	125	294
South Sanpete	468	7	7	56	119	155	142	472	41	69	85	78	273
South Sevier	285	7	5	34	63	79	43	219	25	30	32	21	108
Sunmit	421	12	12	76	85	125	150	436	49	42	79	85	255
Uintah	614	9	9	64	78	148	129	419	48	44	77	64	233
Wayne	228	6	4	26	38	62	49	175	17	20	28	28	93
Weber	658	8	8	82	124	155	232	593	64	54	74	147	339
Bannock	257	8	7	55	96	51	67	269	39	44	29	42	154
Bear Lake	365	11	8	81	83	93	153	410	59	42	56	89	246
Bingham	590	11	10	73	160	118	153	504	56	107	69	98	330
Blackfoot	533	11	11	91	160	150	118	519	63	88	84	70	305
Blaine	460	11	6	36	80	51	41	208	26	49	35	23	133
Cassia	208	5	5	41	94	49	93	277	29	48	27	40	144
Curlew	135	6	6	35	34	51	52	172	23	15	32	34	104
Franklin	441	11	11	106	103	186	131	526	71	44	76	78	269
Fremont	687	13	12	111	220	253	249	833	94	118	144	139	495
Idaho	213	12	8	70	92	26	82	270	59	51	18	53	181
Lost River	130	5	5	38	75	41	57	211	29	52	24	31	136
Malad	342	8	8	56	68	159	117	400	46	25	76	77	224
Montpelier	392	12	9	55	71	66	124	316	41	37	30	69	177
Oneida	365	11	11	90	126	150	140	506	57	65	87	61	270
Pocatello	412	10	8	86	81	141	131	439	64	34	72	70	240
Rigby	500	14	12	97	122	88	147	454	72	72	67	87	298
Twin Falls	198	7	6	32	61	30	62	185	26	38	19	40	123
Yellowstone	234	12	66	127	108	122	423	73	80	79	73	305	
Alberta	350	11	11	79	141	115	167	502	67	75	65	122	329
Lethbridge	223	10	8	67	131	65	92	355	50	88	92	122	352
Los Angeles	268	12	9	81	102	203	118	504	55	62	134	77	328
Maricopa	299	9	8	68	168	105	143	484	41	77	76	83	277
Moapa	213	7	4	56	75	48	94	273	29	22	17	52	120
St. Joseph	360	16	9	70	98	137	128	433	49	42	57	70	218
Snowflake	258	7	6	35	82	41	60	218	28	46	14	44	132
Star Valley	353	11	11	94	58	121	112	385	74	49	89	88	300
Taylor	325	6	6	57	96	99	156	408	40	60	59	103	262
Union	185	6	6	51	68	36	58	213	39	45	23	42	149
Woodruff	425	8	6	45	130	91	148	414	30	65	41	90	226

Unreported

Alpine, Millard, North Sevier, Panguitch, Tintic, Tooele, Utah, Wasatch, Boise, Burley, Portneuf, Raft River, Shelley, Teton, Big Horn, Juarez, St. Johns, San Luis, and Young, unreported for February. No report from Shelley and Utah has been received this season.

Recreation Halls

It is suggested by the General Boards of the M. I. A. that the Recreation Halls, hereafter be called by that name, and not Amusement Halls, since the first name is more appropriate than the latter to the educational purpose of the Committees on Recreation throughout the Church.

Passing Events

Utah peas were placed in the New York market for the first time.

Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley celebrated the 75th anniversary of his birth Feb. 5.

The winner of the Bok peace award was announced Feb. 5, at a meeting of the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. His name is Charles Herbert Levermore, of New York.

The Democratic convention will be held in New York, June 24, following the Republican convention in Cleveland, June 10. This is the first time in 56 years that New York has been selected by the national committee.

Emile Coue arrived in Salt Lake City, Jan. 28. He gave two lectures in the Theatre, the next day. He is the famous exponent of autosuggestion, and author of the slogan: "Every day in every way I am getting better and better."

Sheriff Benjamin Harries won the ouster proceedings brought against him a year ago by Orman W. Ewing and others, by a decision of Judge W. M. McCrea in the Third district court Jan. 28, sustaining the demurrer to the original complaint.

Coffee and tea are denounced by Hudson Maxim, scientist and inventor, who declares they are intoxicants within the meaning of the Volstead law. He has retained a lawyer to bring suit against a hotel in Newark, N. J., to obtain a court decision on that point.

Hyrum L. Giles passed away Feb. 22 at his home in Salt Lake City. He was born in Wales, in 1850, and came to Utah in 1856 with his father, who was a member of one of the handcart companies. His mother died on the plains. He was known as a musician and mining man.

Stanley Alonzo Hanks died Jan. 21, in Salt Lake City. He was a well-known local attorney, born at Tooele, Dec. 3, 1879. He was justice of the peace and city coroner in 1910 and 1911. He was the son of Alfred F. and Ellen Lyman Hanks, and grandson of the late Francis M. Lyman.

Ground for a new chapel was broken, Feb. 22, with fitting ceremonies for the new Grandview ward, Provo. President T. N. Taylor dedicated the ground; J. Wm. Knight and Simon P. Eggertsen made short addresses, and the first shovelful of dirt was taken out by Bishop M. E. Kartchner, Jr.

Mexican troops crossed the border into the United States, Jan. 20, at Naco, Ariz., on their way to Juarez, Mexico. Fifteen hundred Maya Indians made up the command, with Jesus Maria Aguirre in charge. They expected to cross the border into Mexico at El Paso, Texas, the same day after dark.

Edwin B. Denby, secretary of the Navy, resigned as a result of the senate investigation of the oil-lease scandals. His resignation was accepted, to take effect after March 10. Assistant Secretary Roosevelt announced that he would not resign.

Miners and the Ku Klux Klan at Herrin, Ill., do not agree. Four thousand miners were planning to strike, Feb. 11, when they learned that members of the Klan were working with them. Militia were ordered to the city from Chicago and the southern parts of the state on the 10th. by the adjutant general.

Mrs. Mary Wagner Madsen, wife of Patriarch Adolph Madsen, Brigham

City, Utah, died at her home there, Feb. 9, at the age of 81 years. She was born March 25, 1843, in Jutland, Denmark, and came to America in 1856, and to Utah in 1860. She was married in Brigham City, Dec. 18, 1862, and was the mother of nine children, her husband and seven of whom are yet living.

Abbie Wood Wightman, wife of Superintendent Mayland R. Wightman, died at Payson, Utah, Jan. 13, of pneumonia. She was born at Spanish Fork, Utah, March 29, 1885. She leaves seven children. A faithful member and Church worker, she has acted as president of the Relief Society, Y. L. M. I. A., and Primary Association. Funeral services were held in Nebo stake tabernacle, Jan. 15, 1924.

The lid of Tutankhamen's sarcophagos was raised, Feb. 12, according to a dispatch from Luxor, Egypt, by Mr. Carter, in the presence of about 20 distinguished spectators. They found the most splendid mummy case ever seen in Egypt. It is about three meters (9 feet) long. Experts characterized the disclosure of the mummy case as the greatest discovery in the history of Egyptology, or possibly in all archaeology.

J. Ramsay MacDonald was called to the position of British prime minister, Jan. 22, succeeding Stanley Baldwin. The new premier is the leader of the Labor party, and undoubtedly will follow an entirely new policy. His ascendancy marks a revolution in England, radical, though peaceful. One of the first official acts of the new prime minister was to announce his intention of recognizing the Russian soviet government.

Sir Esme Howard presented his credentials to President Coolidge on the 5th of March. He is the first ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, since the labor party obtained control of the British government. He assured the President of Great Britain's sincere friendship, and brought the message that "King George sees in the good understanding between Great Britain and the United States the best guarantee for the future peace of the world."

Abel John Evans and his wife, Louise E. Zimmerman, celebrated their golden wedding Jan. 26, at their home at Lehi, Utah, with a dinner and a dance in the high school auditorium. Mr. and Mrs. Evans were married in the old endowment house in Salt Lake January 26, 1874. Mr. Evans was a member of the constitutional convention and was president of the state senate in 1901. For the last twenty-three years he has been a member of the Alpine stake presidency.

Charles J. Lambert died, Feb. 17, at a Salt Lake hospital, and funeral services were held at Farmers ward chapel, Feb. 21. He was born at Nauvoo, Ill., Nov. 5, 1845, the son of Charles and Mary Alice Cannon Lambert, and came to Utah, with his parents, in 1849. He was a Blackhawk Indian War veteran; worked in the St. George temple, and the Union Pacific railroad. Later he became connected with the paper mill in Sugar House. The last seven years he was a faithful worker in the Salt Lake temple.

Samuel M. T. Seddon, died Feb. 11, at a hospital. He was at one time bishop of the Fifth ward, Salt Lake City. He was, also, for many years connected with the city administration in various capacities, notably as street supervisor and water master. He was one of the leading spirits in installing the Utah Lake pumping plant and for a number of years quarried limestone in City Creek canyon for the Utah-Portland Cement Company. His widow, Mrs. Mildred C. Seddon, 14 children, 10 grandchildren, two brothers and three sisters are living.

The caliph at Constantinople was disposed by a legislative act of the Turkish National Assembly as Angora, and immediately driven into exile. The caliphate was abolished. This happened on March 4, and the name of

Abdul Medjed will go down into history as the last Turkish head of Islam, unless the Angora act should be reversed. On March 7 a dispatch from Jerusalem announced that the Mohammedans of Mesopotamia, Trans-Jordania, and the Hedjaz, had offered the Caliphate to King Hussein of the Hedjaz, and that he had accepted the position.

The new British parliament convened Jan. 15. In his speech from the throne the king pledged the British empire to continue to support the League of Nations. The king touched upon a great many subjects, including the prohibition question in its bearing upon the relations between Great Britain and the United States. It was an unusually long speech for an opening address to the parliament. Ramsay McDonald irreverently characterized the speech as a "collection of odds and ends."

Another severe earthquake occurred in Japan, Jan. 14, in which Tokyo and Yokohama suffered further destruction. The fact that breakfast fires had not been started probably saved reconstructed Tokyo from another disastrous fire. Kitagata, near Yokohama, is reported to have suffered severe damage. Advices from Osaka and Tokyo put the dead in the Tokyo district at four and the injured at 20. The Yokohama casualties were estimated at 10 killed and 200 injured. Fire broke out at Yokohama, destroying 600 houses.

The Shenandoah broke away from her mooring mast, Jan. 17, in a seventy-two mile gale, and floated away in the storm. Those on board had a fight with the elements that lasted seven hours, and then the big airship was returned to the hangar. It was found on examination that her nose was torn away, and part of her sides were ripped to shreds. It will take a month to repair the damage that was apparent, but every part will have to be examined before the total damage can be estimated. The Shenandoah is the largest airship afloat.

The coffin of Tutankhamen was uncovered, Feb. 4, and stood forth in all its beauty for the first time in 3200 years. It is described as massive in construction and chastely simple in design. It was, the dispatch says, an emotional moment for the excavators when they first gazed upon this royal coffin, unseen by mortals since the undertakers of ancient Thebes set about their long, difficult task of inclosing the sarcophagus in its four ornate, florid casings. Further labors were postponed owing to differences with the Egyptian government.

Impressive funeral services for the remains of the two patrolmen, B. H. Honey and Nolan W. Huntsman, who were shot down by a bandit on Main Street, Salt Lake City, Feb. 15, were held in the Assembly Hall, Feb. 20, Mayor C. Clarence Neslen presiding. There was a large concourse of people, and the dead officers were honored by profuse floral offerings, military salute by the Salt Lake post of the American Legion, by beautiful singing and music, and eloquent eulogies. A fund of some \$9,000 has been raised by the people for the bereaved families.

A temple, supposed to be 6000 years old, is reported discovered by a joint expedition of the British Museum, London, and the University Museum, Philadelphia, at Tell-El-Obeid, Babalonia, four miles from Ur, the Chaldaea of Biblical fame. This was announced by Dr. George B. Gordon, director of the museum. This building is 6,000 years old, it is, probably, the most ancient structure made by man, still standing. It would date from a period as far removed from that of Tutankhamen in the past, as the present generation is removed from him in known history.

Bok's peace plan propaganda is to be investigated by a senate committee. The members of the committee are: Moses, New Hampshire, and Greene, Vermont, Reps.; Reed, Missouri, and Caraway, Arkansas, Dems.; and Shipstead, Minnesota, Farmer-Labor. Under the resolution the committee is "authorized

and directed immediately to investigate and report to the senate whether there is any organized effort being made to control public opinion and the action of Congress upon legislative matters through propaganda or by the use of money, by advertising, or by control of publicity."

James Pingree, of Ogden, a widely known banker and business man, was laid to rest Feb. 26, 1924. Funeral services were held in the Ogden tabernacle, Bishop Charles A. Halverson of the Fifth ward presiding. Elder Richard R. Lyman characterized James Pingree as a man of enterprise, and dwelt upon the fine traits of his father, Job Pingree, Sr., one of the first Utah pioneers, still living. Other speakers who had known Mr. Pingree practically all his life were James H. Douglas, Samuel G. Dye and C. J. A. Lindquist. These men recalled the good traits of Mr. Pingree.

John Gallacher, 74 years of age, died, Feb. 29. He was one of the pioneer restaurant-keepers of Salt Lake. He had been confined to his bed for eight weeks. He was born at Sanquar, Dumfries, Scotland, and joined the Church when 18 years of age. Leaving his family in Scotland, he came to the United States; he crossed the plains to Utah, where he arrived in the fall of 1868. In 1876 he entered the restaurant business in Salt Lake, with a cafe on Main street. From then until 1910 he was engaged continuously in that business. He retired in 1910 and spent his time since then in Church work at the Salt Lake temple.

Railroad to Uintah is materializing. Construction has begun by the Salt Lake and Denver Railroad Company on its line through the Uintah basin. Notice was served on the public utilities commission Saturday by H. J. Price, secretary of the railroad company. About ten miles east of Springville, a crew under J. C. Mulville, chief engineer, is preparing the railroad bed up Hobble creek. Construction is begun during the winter under the certificates of convenience and necessity held from the interstate commerce commission and the utilities board which required it be started, according to Simon Bamberger, former governor and president of the company.

Herman Bamberger died at the home of his brother, former governor Simon Bamberger, Salt Lake City, March 2, at the age of 80 years. He was born in Eberstadt, Germany, November 10, 1843, and fifteen years later found him landing in America, a poor immigrant boy. He was the elder of the three brothers who survive him, Simon and J. E. Bamberger of Salt Lake, and Louis E. Bamberger of Venice Calif. When the Civil War broke out young Bamberger enlisted in Missouri. Following the war he came west and located in Salt Lake and has been a resident here ever since. He served as city commissioner during the construction of the City and County building.

George S. Taylor of Provo, died suddenly at his home in that city, the 16th of January. In 1919 he had an attack of influenza which resulted in heart trouble, and last August he found it necessary to go to a hospital for treatment. Deceased was born in Salt Lake July 16, 1860, the son of George H. and Elmina Shepard Taylor. For many years he has been one of the leading business men of Provo. In 1882 he married Annie Christine Smoot, a sister of Senator Reed Smoot. She passed away in 1903. His second wife, Priscilla Smith, died in 1907, and his third wife, Amy Smith, in 1910. His fourth wife, Ida Alleman of Springville, and six children survive him.

Members of the Reclamation Commission arrived in Salt Lake City, Jan. 16, in order to hear western farmers on the reclamation project. Among the members are Gov. Thomas E. Campbell, chairman, Dr. John A. Widtsoe, and James R. Garfield. The hearing commenced Jan. 17 at the Hotel Utah. Delegations from Nevada, Idaho, Arizona, Washington, Nebraska and various districts of Utah, all interested in irrigation, arrived on the 16th, prepared

to meet the commission. The sessions closed Jan. 27, after an address by Gov. Campbell, who summed up the work of the conferences in this city. A set of resolutions adopted by the representatives of a number of reclamation projects were read.

Judge William H. Dickson died at Los Angeles, Jan. 17, at the age of 77 years. He was born August 29, 1847, in Kings county, province of New Brunswick, the son of William A. and Theresa Earle Dickson. He received his early education in St. Johns, New Brunswick, and practiced law in that city. In 1875 he came west and settled in Virginia City, Nev. In March, 1882, he decided to cast his lot with the state of Utah, coming here from Reno. While still in Nevada, Mr. Dickson had entered into a law partnership with C. S. Varian. The law firm of Dickson & Varian was continued in Salt Lake City until March, 1884, when Mr. Dickson was appointed United States district attorney, Mr. Varian being made his assistant.

Hyrum Smith Harris, a grandson of the patriarch Hyrum Smith, and a son of William Jasper and Martha Ann Smith Harris, passed away at Springville, Utah, Feb. 25, after a prolonged illness. He was born in Salt Lake City, Aug 15, 1863. In early life he was engaged in contracting in Missouri, Texas and New Mexico. He had lived in Provo and later in Tintic, returning to Springville some years ago. He had filled an L. D. S. mission to the Hawaiian Islands. In addition to his widow, Mr. Harris is survived by one daughter, Julina Harris; three brothers, William J. Harris of Springville, F. H. Harris of Texas, and John F. Harris of Payson; also four sisters, Mrs. Mary E. Corbett, Mrs. Zina C. Dennis, Mrs. Martha Startup and Sarah L. Passey.

The J. Pierpont Morgan library has been turned over to a board of trustees who will maintain it for the use of scholars and students, according to an announcement made, Feb. 17, by Mr. J. P. Morgan, the son of the late banker. The library which is to be designated "the Pierpont Morgan library," was first assembled in 1905, and housed in a building the following year on a tract of land extending from East Thirty-sixth to East Thirty-seventh street between Madison and Park avenues. With the additions which have been made by Mr. Morgan since the death of his father in 1913, it contains 25,000 books and manuscripts, of which 10,000 are rare or unique. The collection, believed to be the best in private hands in existence, was estimated by Mr. Morgan to be worth in the vicinity of \$7,000,000. With it he gave an endowment of \$1,500,000.

Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick was exonerated, Jan. 14, of the charge of heresy, in a report by the special committee of the New York presbytery, which has investigated the charge. The Rev. Dr. Fosdick, one of three pastors of the First Presbyterian church, has drawn the fire since last January, when he began a series of sermons condemning literal acceptance of the Articles of Faith and questioning the virgin birth and "deity of Christ." The presbytery of Philadelphia, already had cited charges against him in October, 1922, and it was reported he was tried before the general assembly of the church at Indianapolis in May, 1923. But Dr. Fosdick's own congregation, reinforced by votes of confidence taken among several eastern colleges, stood so solidly behind him that no steps to try him were taken. The Rev. John F. Robinson of Cincinnati resigned from the church because of Dr. Fosdick.

The dismissal of the secretary of the navy, Edwin Denby, was demanded Feb. 11, by the U. S. Senate, in a resolution passed by a vote of 47 to 34. The resolution set forth that the evidence taken by the committee on public lands and surveys showed that certain leases had been made for the government by Albert B. Fall, secretary of the interior, and Edwin Denby, secretary of

the navy, to an oil company, and also that certain contracts had been made with other concerns, and that these leases and contracts were entered without authority on the part of the officers mentioned, and contrary to the well known policy of the government. President Coolidge replied that he can take no official recognition of the senate resolution, as the matter of the dismissal of cabinet officers belongs exclusively to the Executive. If the leases were illegal, he would, however, take such action as he deemed necessary. Mr. Denby resigned on March 10.

David Arza Empey, one of the oldest pioneers of Moab and the valley, and the oldest survivor of the confederate army residing in this state, died Jan. 16, 1924, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Andrew Taylor. "Grandpa Empey," as he was affectionately known by young and old in Moab, was born in Hancock county, Illinois, March 31, 1840, the son of Levi and Margaret Empey, natives of Canada, who emigrated to Nauvoo, Ill. He accompanied his parents on the journey across the plains to Salt Lake. Until 1857 the family remained in Salt Lake, in which year they removed to Texas. When the Civil war broke out, Empey enlisted in A Troop, Sixth Texas Cavalry, commanded by Captain John Hardin, and fought until the autumn of 1864. Of the original membership of A Troop only seven men returned, all the others having been killed in battle. Two years after the close of the war Mr. Empey married Margaret Hayes and in 1884 he and his family came to Moab. Three of his grandsons served in the world war, one being killed in action during the fighting in the Argonne.

The death of John W. Young in New York was reported Feb. 11. He was a favorite son of Brigham Young and Mary Ann Angell Young, born Oct. 1, 1844, in Nauvoo, Ill., and arriving in Utah with his parents, in 1847. The beginning of his career as a railroad man began in 1867 when he became a sub-contractor under his father during the construction of the Union Pacific railroad through Echo canyon. Mr. Young was one of the organizers of the Utah Central railroad, a branch line connecting Salt Lake with the Union Pacific at Ogden. He was one of the organizers of the Utah Northern railroad, another branch line connecting Ogden with Franklin, Idaho, by way of Logan. Work was commenced on this line in 1871 and it was completed in 1874. In 1872 Mr. Young became president of the board of directors and general superintendent of the Salt Lake City railroad, Salt Lake's first street car line, then operated by horse power. When the Salt Lake chamber of commerce was organized in 1887, Mr. Young was one of its early members, taking an active part in its enterprises. Mr. Young was possessed of a personal magnetism and fire of spirit that made him immensely popular in Utah and wherever else his multifarious activities carried him. His life was full of the adventures that stand out most lovingly in the pioneering development of the western country.

Nikolai Lenine died, Jan. 21, at his country villa near Gorky. One day last June he was stricken with paralysis, and since then the end has been expected. Lenine, or Vladimir Illitch, as his real name was, was born, 1870, at Simbirsk of a family with Tartar blood in their veins. From his earliest days he imbibed revolutionary tendencies. His brother Alexander was hanged for an attempt upon the life of Czar Alexander II, and a desire for revenge became the ruling passion of the younger brother. Many times he was arrested for revolutionary agitation, and at one time deported to Siberia. It was while there that he wrote books on socialism under the pen name of Nikolai Lenine. After his term in Siberia, he went to Switzerland, and then visited Germany, England and France. In 1905 he returned to Russia, but had to flee to Finland. The czar was overthrown in 1917, and Lenine and his crowd returned to Russia. There were forty of them, and

they passed through Germany from Switzerland under German guard, aided by the German general staff, in the hope that they would disrupt the Russian army and turn Russia from the entente. After many adventures and perils, Lenine, with the aid of Trotsky and others, became, practically, the dictator of Russia. No actor in the sanguinary world drama of this century has had a greater influence for evil upon the world than this modern "scourge of God" of partly Tartar origin. The funeral took place in Moscow Jan. 27. There were no speeches, no imposing ceremonies, but cannon were fired, and soldiers with bristling bayonets and drawn sabres were in evidence.

Elder George F. Gibbs died, March 10, at his home in Salt Lake City, after an illness of several months. For fifty-six years he has been connected as recorder and secretary of the office of the First Presidency, and has served in that capacity under all the presidents of the Church, except the Prophet Joseph. He has hardly been absent from his desk, and he has served with real ability. Elder Gibbs was born at Haverford-West, South Wales, in 1846, his parents being George Duggan Gibbs and Ellen Phillips Gibbs. They joined the L. D. S. Church when he was seven years of age. He was the only "Mormon" in a school of 176 boys in his home town and was awarded a prize by the mayor of the city for diligence and scholarship. When fifteen years of age he began a two-years' mission for the Church and at seventeen began earning his livelihood at Liverpool, where he worked as a clerk in the Liverpool conference. He emigrated to Salt Lake in 1868, being employed on arrival by President Brigham Young and living with his family for several years. He was called on a mission to England in 1871, laboring under Joseph F. Smith, at that time conference president. Returning to Salt Lake, Mr. Gibbs worked at Z. C. M. I. for a short time and then was made the Church reporter by President Young. Under the administration of President Wilford Woodruff, Mr. Gibbs was appointed secretary to the Church. He was one of the pioneer members of the Twentieth ward, and served twenty-six years in that bishopric. He leaves five sons and three daughters. Funeral services were held in the Twentieth ward chapel, Wednesday, March 12, at 1 p. m.

One hundred and seventy-three coal-miners were entombed, March 8, in the Utah Fuel Company's No. 2 property at Castlegate, Utah. The calamity plunged the little mining town in grief and mourning, and as word of the disaster reached other parts, the people of the entire state felt drawn towards the stricken community with bonds of sympathy and sorrow. Immediately the officials of the company proceeded to the place with medical assistance. Rescue crews from the mining camps started immediately for the scene, and the U. S. mine rescue cars from Butte, Mont., and Dawson, N. M., were also ordered to proceed to Castlegate. On Sunday seven bodies had been discovered, two of which were too mutilated for identification. Bishop Benjamin F. Thomas of the Castlegate ward was one of the men entrapped by the explosion. The disaster is the worst in Utah since the Scofield horror, May 1, 1900, when 225 men were killed. Utah has been singularly free from great mining disasters. Most of the entombed men leave families to mourn their death. President Heber J. Grant and Elder Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of Apostles, arrived at the scene of the disaster on March 11, to see what could be done to render aid to the stricken families. About fifty of the victims were connected with the Church. Bishop Benjamin F. Thomas of the Castlegate ward was one of them. On the 13th 131 bodies had been found, many of them horribly mutilated. Funeral services were held for some of the bodies, but many were being shipped to be buried by their relatives. On March 17, all the bodies but one had been recovered.

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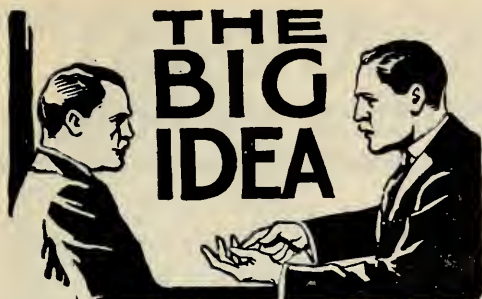
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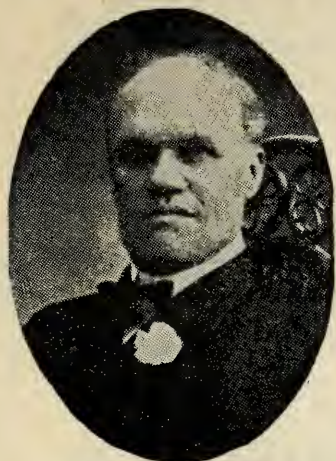
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